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REVIEWS

Thucydides. With Notes by T. Arnold, D.D.
Vol. I. Oxford: Parker; Whittakers and Rivingtons, London; Deighton, Cambridge.

We sincerely congratulate our classical readers on the appearance of an edition of Thucydides, not merely superior to all that have been previously published, but leaving nothing to be desired from the labours of any future critic—an edition which, like the original work, is a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰὶ μάλλον ἢ ἀγόνισμα ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα*. There is no task in the whole range of classical literature requiring the union of so many and so varied qualifications as a judicious commentary on the writings of the historic statesman; diligence, research, intimate acquaintance with the language "that speaketh mighty things," cautious discrimination, and sound judgment are, under ordinary circumstances, sufficient to constitute an excellent critic; but to these the commentator on Thucydides must superadd a deep knowledge of man, individually and in society—the rare political intelligence that can distinguish at a glance the reciprocal operations of cause and effect in the revolutions of states and dynasties; he must be both a scholar and a statesman; he must have read men as well as books—

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he must unloose,
Familiar as his garter.

When such were the requisites demanded, it is less surprising that a good edition of "the first historian" has long been a desideratum, than that it has at length been obtained. The work before us is in every sense complete; the topography of the scenes of the most important actions is illustrated by accurate maps, derived from actual surveys made by Sir William Gell, Captain Beaufort, and others; the historical and geographical difficulties are so clearly explained, that a modern reader may fully understand the narrative, and enter into the opinions and feelings of the times to which it refers; and we have not found a single grammatical obscurity passed over without elucidation.

Great as is our praise of Dr. Arnold's commentary, we are disposed to bestow even higher eulogy on the essays which he has subjoined, but instead of attempting "to vary terms of praise," we shall make a few extracts from this part of the volume, that the general reader may have some share of the valuable information contained in these dissertations.

The first appendix is an essay on the circumstances that mark the transition of every country from what may be called the state of childhood to manhood. The subject is introduced by the following remarks on the division of history:—

"States, like individuals, go through certain changes in a certain order, and are subject at different stages of their course to certain peculiar disorders. But they differ from individuals in this, that though the order of the periods is

regular, their duration is not so; and their features are more liable to be mistaken, as they can only be distinguished by the presence of their characteristic phenomena. One state may have existed a thousand years, and its history may be full of striking events, and yet may be still in its childhood: another may not be a century old, and its history may contain nothing remarkable to a careless reader, and yet it may be verging to old age. The knowledge of these periods furnishes us with a clue to the study of history, which the continuous succession of events related in chronological order seems particularly to require. For instance, in our own history we are apt to take certain artificial divisions, such as the accession of the different lines of kings, or an event like the restoration, which is rather a subdivision of one particular period, than the beginning or termination of a period in itself. And in this manner we get no distinct notions of the beginning, middle, and end of the history of a people, and often appeal to examples which are nothing to the purpose, because they are taken from a different stage of a nation's existence from that to which they are applied."

The author then proceeds to investigate the transition from the ascendancy of birth to that of property, and enters into a careful analysis of the different modes and forms in which aristocracy has appeared. He thus concludes this division of his subject:—

"Differences of race have not yet been proved indestructible, and the probability is that they might be removed or infinitely lessened, if the members of the superior race showed half as much eagerness in elevating and enlightening the inferior, as they have generally done in degrading them. But the guilt of all aristocracies has consisted not so much in their original acquisition of power, as in their perseverance in retaining it: so that what was innocent or even reasonable at the beginning, has become in later times atrocious injustice; as if a parent in his dotage should claim the same authority over his son in the vigour of manhood, which formerly in the maturity of his own faculties he had exercised naturally and profitably over the infancy of his child.

"The principle then of the ascendancy of noble blood necessarily marks the infancy of mankind; and wherever it has long continued to exist, it marks a state of infancy unnaturally prolonged by the selfish policy or criminal neglect of those who ought rather to have gradually trained it up to the independence of manhood."

He next traces the gradual growth of the power of the Commons, up to the period when the struggle between them and the nobles is about to commence. This point is the crisis of constitutional liberty, for it depends on external circumstances whether the contest shall terminate in despotism or freedom. The causes that have led to the establishment of an absolute monarchy on the ruins of an aristocracy, are thus stated:—

"The evil arose from the imperfect distribution of wealth; commerce was confined to a few hands, and produced a rate of profit proportionably large; and the increased attention paid to agriculture added to the wealth of a few only, because the land was engrossed by only a small portion of the community. In Greece a man who could purchase the services of a small body

of mercenary soldiers, seized the citadel, and made himself tyrant. In modern Europe a king who was rich enough to substitute a small standing army for the feudal array of an earlier period, became at once independent of the support of his nobles, and powerful enough to crush them if they offered any opposition to his plans. In the famous revolution of 1660 in Denmark, the commons surrendered their liberties to the crown in order to purchase thus dearly the subversion of the aristocracy. And wherever a king has existed in modern Europe, the overthrow of the aristocracy has generally been effected by his means. Happy the people who have not suffered their liberties to be merely transferred from one spoiler to another, but have asserted their right to share in the victory of the crown. But in modern Europe, the size of the kingdoms, and the much more strongly monarchical spirit of the people, allowed the kings to consolidate their work; while in ancient Greece the tyrant of a single town was far more readily overthrown. It has been an aggravation to the evil in modern times, that the king, after he had once established his power, seemed to make common cause with the aristocracy against the people, and lent his support to maintain them in their many exemptions and prerogatives. At the same time, the means by which he has maintained his own despotism, a mercenary standing army, has rendered finance a most important subject of attention, and has marked that second stage in society, in which money rather than birth confers the ascendancy."

How England passed through the dangerous crisis in safety, is explained in the following passage:—

"In no country had it commenced with symptoms more alarming: the aristocracy were exhausted by the wars of the Roses; the clergy changed from an independent estate of the realm to the veriest slaves of the king's pleasure; the commons were daily advancing, it is true, in wealth and intelligence, but their strength was not yet matured, and was wholly incompetent to resist a vigorous military despotism. But providentially it was ordered that the prudence and parsimony of Elizabeth, and the unwarlike temper of her successor, saved us from engaging deeply in the great continental wars. Most thankful should we be that their foreign policy was not more vigorous, their commanders not more wisely selected, their military operations not more fortunate. Leicester and Buckingham by their incapacity were far more useful to their country under the circumstances of that time than if they had possessed the genius of Marlborough or Wellington. Had the military spirit of the nation been more ably directed, had there been formed in the wars of Holland or the Palatinate such a band of disciplined soldiers as those whose unrivalled exploits in Flanders in 1658 were the admiration of their French allies, and the terror of Spain, the triumph of the crown in the civil war of 1642 must have been speedy and decisive, and before even the talents of Cromwell could have organized the parliament's armies, their total defeat, and the utter extinction of the national liberties, would have been inevitably consummated."

Notwithstanding the length to which our quotations have extended, we must make room for the philosophical division of history,

derived from examining the different periods of society.

"We may learn also a more sensible division of history than that which is commonly adopted of ancient and modern. We shall see that there is in fact an ancient and a modern period in the history of every people: the ancient differing, and the modern in many essential points agreeing with that in which we now live. Thus the largest portion of that history which we commonly call ancient is practically modern, as it describes society in a stage analogous to that in which it now is; while, on the other hand, much of what is called modern history is practically ancient, as it relates to a state of things which has passed away. Thucydides and Xenophon, the orators of Athens, and the philosophers, are not only abler men than the English, French, and German writers of the middle ages, but their wisdom is more applicable to us, and their position, both intellectual and political, more nearly resembled our own. We may learn also by the experience of other societies in an analogous state to ours, that having happily overlived the critical season of the transition from youth to manhood, what we should now most dread are accidents, or constitutional disease produced by external violence: that is, that the great enemy of society in its present stage is war: if this calamity be avoided, the progress of improvement is sure; but attempts to advance the cause of freedom by the sword are incalculably perilous. War is a state of such fatal intoxication, that it makes men careless of improving, and sometimes even of repairing their internal institutions; and thus the course of national happiness may be cut short, not only by foreign conquest, but by a state of war poisoning the blood, destroying the healthy tone of the system, and setting up a feverish excitement, till the disorder terminates in despotism."

The concluding part of the essay we subjoin without a word of comment, which would indeed be superfluous.

"But these distinctions between race and race, like those between individuals, involve a duty which men have been unhappily very unwilling to practise. They who are most favoured by nature owe their best assistance to those whose lot is most unpromising; they who have advanced the furthest in civilization, are bound to enlighten others whose progress has been less rapid. But here that feeling of pride and selfishness interposes, which, under the name of patriotism, has so long tried to pass itself off for a virtue. As men in proportion to their moral advancement learn to enlarge the circle of their regards; as an exclusive affection for our relations, our clan, or our country, is a sure mark of an unimproved mind, so is that narrow and unchristian feeling to be condemned, which regards with jealousy the progress of foreign nations, and cares for no portion of the human race but that to which itself belongs. The detestable encouragement so long given to national enmities, the low gratification felt by every people in extolling themselves above their neighbours, should not be overlooked amongst the causes which have mainly obstructed the improvement of mankind. Exclusive patriotism should be cast off, together with the exclusive ascendancy of birth, as belonging to the follies and selfishness of our uncultivated nature. Yet, strange to say, the former at least is sometimes upheld by men who not only call themselves Christians, but are apt to use the charge of irreligion as the readiest weapon against those who differ from them. So little have they learned of the spirit of that revelation, which taught emphatically the abolition of an exclusively national religion and a local worship, that so men, being all born of the same blood, might make their sympathies coextensive with their bond of universal brotherhood."

We trust that the authority and example of Dr. Arnold will induce future editors of the classics to abandon the absurdity of Latin commentaries, and to cease in the nineteenth century from imitating the antiquated practices of the middle ages.

Six Weeks on the Loire, with a Peep into La Vendée. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

LET all who desire to make a pleasant tour, and write an agreeable book about it, travel after the manner of our lady author, with good faith, good humour, and *sans pretension*. Her loiterings on the Loire, and her hasty peep into La Vendée, make a very pleasant volume; when opposed by churlish landlords, or startled by political brawls, she seems to soothe and quiet all by her own gentle voice—and when the prospect is gloomy, and the clouds are lowering over the fate of families and the fall of empires, it is relieved by a pleasant outbreak of the natural sunshine of a good heart. This temper has had its influence on the volume before us, which is written in an easy and graceful manner: the descriptions are clear, and the conversations natural and dramatic. France seems much agitated: the leaven of her numerous changes is still heaving: the following scene happened at Tours:—

"Then Madame la Duchesse de Berri was discussed, and many a violent and opposing opinion given respecting her conduct, its motives, its consequences, and the treatment it ought to receive. Some with the spirit of chivalry stirring in their bosoms, declared their reverence of her as a woman and a mother, and that merely considering her as such, without any political reference, they would shelter her, or fight for her, whenever chance might throw her in their way. Others called her the Hyena of France, who would not care if its rivers ran blood; so that she could sail upon them to the capital, to re-establish despotism, bigotry, and the Bourbons; and one little man, who had got something to fight for, having had a handsome property unexpectedly bequeathed to him a short time before, declared that he should think himself justified in pistolling her with his own hands, if she should happen to fall into them. This *ultra* patriotism caused such

"Wild uproarious din"

of dissentient voices that we walked off, to get out of the hearing of it, but without as within, we found ourselves amidst political commotion and excitement. The quays were covered with troops, going down the Loire, into La Vendée; the bridge with spectators, and the beautiful promenades with groups of fashionable people, attracted by the military music, which floated on the evening breeze; whilst the mysterious, silent telegraphs, were exchanging their portentous signs, as long as they could be discerned, from the east to the west, with intelligence of the troubles in Paris; from the west to the east, with the intelligence of those in La Vendée; and as they sometimes leaned to one side, sometimes to another, sometimes displayed all their arms wide to the heavens, sometimes suddenly contracted them, they seemed like inspired Pythonesses, big with the fate of empires, yet unintelligible, even to themselves; wrapped in secrecy, and knowing not the import of the tidings which they conveyed.

"I could not help smiling to see among the crowd, at such an interesting moment, a man with a hare, which he had taught to drum, at the word of command: he varied his directions to it with admirable tact and humour. 'Now

my brave fellow, give us a roll for the tricoloured flag—now another for the lilies of France—now one for Charles the Tenth.' Then seeing this did not take, he added, 'and a good quittance of him—now one for Louis Philippe, and so he went on, the little creature obedient to all his commands, vanquishing the timidity of its nature, and beating its tattoos among the crowd, according to the secret signs it received. Indeed its master was probably more versed in secret communications than he chose to acknowledge, as we heard afterwards, that he and his little companion were put under arrest."

At Treves, the writer was mistaken for the Duchess of Berri:—

"We had crossed to the left of the river to see Treves, and by so doing we avoided passing St. Martin on the right, as the current would otherwise have brought us. Some small vessels were moored there, and a man, apparently an officer, with Stentorian lungs, called from one of them to Jean, to demand 'why he had not come on that side.'

"Because it did not suit me," replied Jean, feathering his oars with a *nonchalante* air.

"Who have you got on board?" he called out, with powers of voice seeming to increase in proportion to the distance we got from him.

"What is that to you?" demanded Jean, in his turn, pulling away at the same time.

"You have got somebody you do not want us to see."

"Then you had better come and look," still pulling away.

"Trim this way, or we will instantly fire upon you."

"Sacre!" said Jean, 'fire if you dare.'

"I, hearing a contention, and not knowing what it was about, popped my head at that moment out of the little cabin, wherein I was sitting writing, like the lady in the lobster: instantly shouts were sent forth, 'Ah! you have a lady on board, come to, come to, show your passports. You have got Madame la Duchesse de Berri there.'

"We all burst out a laughing, so they laughed too. Nevertheless they reconnoitred us suspiciously till a winding in the river took us out of sight.

"A little fellow, about ten years old, springing on a wall upon the bank, called out to us, 'Are you Carlistes, are you Carlistes?'

"Yes, yes, we are, we are," we called out laughing.

"I will throw you into the river," the little fellow bawled out with all his might. We laughed still more heartily, and quite forgave him for his threat."

There is something approaching to the romantic in the fate of the younger Cathelinean, whose family suffered more than any other in the cause of the Bourbons: no less than thirty of the name died in arms or on the scaffold:—

"The younger Cathelinean, devoted with hereditary zeal to the worn-out cause of the Bourbons, took up arms for Madame la Duchesse de Berri; associated in his successes with M. de Suric, M. de Morisset, and M. de la Soremerie, names dear in the annals of fidelity and courage. Orders were given to arrest them at Beaupreau; they took refuge in a chateau in the neighbourhood. The troops surrounded and searched it, but all in vain; not a single human being was to be found in it. Certain, however, that the objects of their search were actually within the precincts of the chateau, they closed the gates, set their watch, and allowed no one to enter, except a peasant, whom they employed to show them the hiding-places. This watch they kept three days, till wearied by the non-appearance of the parties, and the bellowing of the cattle, which were confined without water and on short

allowance, they were on the point of quitting the spot; one of the officers, however, thought previous to doing so, he would go over the chateau once more—the peasant followed close at his heels, suddenly the officer turned towards him, 'Give me a pinch of snuff, friend,' said he.

"I have none," replied the man, "I do not take it."

"Then who is there in this chateau that does?"

"No one that I know of—there is no one in the chateau, as you see."

"Then whence comes the snuff which I see here?" said the officer, pointing with his foot to some which was scattered on the ground.

"The man turned pale, and made no reply."

"The officer looked round again, examined the earth more closely, stamped with his foot, and at last thought he felt a vibration, as if the ground below was hollow, he scrutinized every inch, and at length saw something like a loose board; he raised it up, and then, alas! he beheld Cathilinean, in front of his three companions, with his pistols in his hand ready to fire. The officer had not a moment to deliberate,—he fired,—Cathilinean fell dead, and his companions were seized. This story was told us by the keeper of the Musée, and afterwards confirmed by an officer who was one of the party employed."

There is much in the volume that will be thought better than these passages, and a little that may be thought worse: no one can read it through without being pleased with the agreeable descriptions and remarks of the author. There are, too, some verses scattered about, which are not without merit—and the embellishments are better than ordinary.

Reisebilder von H. Heine. Zweyte Auflage. —Travelling Sketches. By H. Heine. 2nd edit. 3 vols.

Nachträge zu den Reisebildern von H. Heine. —Supplement to the Travelling Sketches. By H. Heine. Hamburg.

HEINE belongs to a class of German writers, exceedingly relished by their own countrymen, but almost unknown to the British public. They more nearly resemble Sterne than any other English or French author whom we could name, but the resemblance is far from exact. The Germans suffer their imagination to run even more extravagantly wild than our whimsical countryman, and amidst their, rather French than English, levity, appear bursts of a deep, a truly German enthusiasm, such as he dreamed not of. These are the characteristics of the class. With respect to the individual author, the ablest of that class we believe now living, we regret to say, that he unites to Sterne's indelicacy much of Swift's grossness (flattering himself, it should seem, that he amply redeems both by flinging over them a transparent gauze veil, woven of decent words, and of omissions of words), and we were going to add, a profession of infidelity, such as Englishmen are little accustomed to tolerate. But, upon maturer consideration, we incline to think, that what we were about thus to designate, is not so much real infidelity as a cynical levity in the author's mode of treating subjects which ought to be considered seriously, and respectfully, even by unbelievers. This cynical levity is often offensive, even beyond the licence of French scepticism, perhaps from the greater hardness of the wit that generates it; but, in this, as in many other matters, the fault seems to be rather in the imagination

than the heart. Heine, occasionally, in his loftier moments, breathes naturally forth feelings of very deep, if not altogether orthodox, piety, and expresses great horror of infidelity, at least in women.

After what we have said, it is nearly superfluous to add, that Heine is an author whom we could not, with a safe conscience, recommend to all German scholars; nor do we wish ever to see him translated. But he assuredly ought not to be overlooked by the psychological student, or by any one who desires thoroughly to understand the character of German literature. His wit is original, his intellect powerful, both being thoroughly and essentially German; and a knowledge of him, at least of his class—but we really think of him as a specimen of the class—is as indispensable as that of Kant, to the perfect understanding of Germanism.

In another respect Heine is, to us, a novel phenomenon amongst living German authors. He is a cosmopolite, and at once a votary of liberty, a despiser of patriotism, and a worshipper of Bonaparte!† We do not mean to aver that we never before met with such well-blended masses of unconscious contradiction. We have seen and heard such, living, breathing, speaking, and fancying themselves rational beings, but we had thought such anomalous minds were of English origin, like our contradictorily concocted, but glorious punch; and even now we cannot help suspecting they have, like their liquid prototype, been borrowed from this island, which may be supposed to feel more indulgently towards Napoleon than the countries that have groaned beneath his iron yoke; or, if indigenous elsewhere, it must be in France, where words are sometimes the substitute for ideas and realities. But in modern Germany, where princes, out of sheer patriotism, will not even learn French—where deep and subtle reasoning is the very life blood of the people, how should such things be? Shall we pronounce Heine a mere *lusus nature*? Or must we more philosophically and more laboriously account for the union of his heterogeneous opinions and sentiments, from the circumstance of so many German princes not having kept "the word of promise" touching representative constitutions, either to the sense, "or even to the ear"? Such disappointment may indeed have produced a degree of festering soreness, capable of obliterating all recollections, including even that of a foreign yoke. And this species of ulceration, with its consequent fever and delirium, will naturally reach the state of highest inflammation in those districts, which, upon the downfall of Napoleon's gigantic empire, were, by the Congress of Vienna, not restored to their former princes, but transferred to new, and, although German in their estimation, foreign masters. Of these districts was Dusseldorf, now, we think, a detached bit of Prussia; and of Dusseldorf Heine is a native.

Having thus assigned some political and geographical causes for Heine's confusion of ideas, we may explain it further from his peculiar idiosyncrasy. His profound enthusiasm, and his passion for liberty, have unhappily adopted French liberty as their idol; and hence equality has become the sole

† He, however, subtly distinguishes between Bonaparte's genius and conduct, limiting his admiration to the former.

object of his thoughts and wishes. Nor, perhaps, ought we very much to wonder, if persons who have seen feudalism under its most oppressive form, who are still exasperated by many of its exclusive privileges—many of its petty irritations, should be incapable of conceiving the union of diversity of ranks with perfect liberty, and all useful and practicable equality, equality before the law, as it exists in Great Britain. Heine's passion for actual equality combined with his cynical wit and his antipathy to sentimentality, may probably have blunted his sense of the atrocities, the sanguinary horrors, of the first French revolution; whilst the novelty of the inequality re-introduced by Napoleon may be less offensive to the prejudices of the humbly born from amongst whom the new great had risen, than the feudal and hereditary aristocracy.

We suspect our readers will scarcely think all we have said a sufficient explanation of the perplexing phenomenon, that Heine is expecting that the foundation of European liberty will be laid at St. Petersburg! The Autocrat of all the Russias is, according to our author, the predestined emancipator of Europe. We must perforce translate the passage in which this conviction is promulgated, lest we should be suspected of misrepresentation. After a sneer at the British aristocracy, he proceeds thus:—

"Let it be ever so zealously recalled that this very nobility wrung Magna Charta from despotism, and that England, notwithstanding her maintenance of the civil inequality of ranks, secures personal liberty; that England was the asylum of free spirits when despotism crushed the whole continent;—those are past times! England, with her aristocrats, must now founder. Free spirits have, in case of need, a better asylum; should all Europe become one single prison, there would still be a loop-hole for escape. That is America; and God be praised, the loop-hole is larger than the prison itself."

But these are laughable whims. If England be compared to Russia with reference to liberty, the most scrupulously conscientious can feel no hesitation as to which side should be embraced. In England, liberty has grown out of historical events, in Russia out of principles. Like those events themselves, their spiritual results bear the stamp of the middle ages: all England is petrified in *unrejuvenescible* middle-age institutions, behind which aristocracy trenches itself, and awaits the death-fight. But the principles out of which Russian liberty has arisen, or, rather, is daily developing itself, are the liberal ideas of the present times. The government of Russia is penetrated with these ideas; its unlimited absolutism is rather a dictatorship, for the immediate introduction of these ideas into life. This government has not its root in Feudalism and Ecclesiasticism, but is directly opposed to the power of the nobility and the church. Catherine had already curbed the church, and Russian nobility springs out of services rendered to the state. Russia is a democratic state; I might even say, a Christian state, if I were to take this often misused word in its sweetest and most cosmopolitan sense; for the Russians, by the very magnitude of their empire, are delivered from the narrow-heartedness of heathen nationality. They are cosmopolites, or, at least, one sixth part cosmopolite, since Russia constitutes one sixth part of the inhabited globe."

This specimen of Heine's political notions might suffice; but, from some other passages, we evolve a suspicion that, together with the shackles of government, those of

meum and *tuum*, as well as those of matrimony, are to be shivered, so that the inhabitants of a country that has reached the highest pitch of civilization, or, as Heine says, "is of age," might, as the last stage of improvement, be reinstated in all the rights, privileges, and pleasures of that glorious era, when nature ordained

That those should take who have the power,
And those should keep who can.

We entertain some doubt whether Dr. Heine has ever distinctly imaged to himself all the consequences of this desirable state of perfect freedom and bliss; but if he has, we wish he would, in his next publication, enlighten our darkness touching some difficulties that perplex our foggy insular heads.

We wish, ere parting with Heine, to give our readers a somewhat more pleasing specimen of his style; and, as his wit is, besides being perhaps too German for English readers, often disagreeable in various ways, as may be judged from what has been already said, we shall select a short passage from his more general and pleasing papers, which, if not original in thought, is so, we think, in turn and expression:—

"I must by no means leave the collection of portraits of beautiful Genoese women, in the Durazzo Palace, unnoticed. There is nothing in the world that can attune our souls to greater sadness than such a view of the portraits of beautiful women, who have been dead for centuries. Mournfully does the thought creep over us, that of all the originals of those pictures—of all those beauties once so lovely, so coquettish, so witty, so tricky, so enthusiastic, of all those May flowers, with April caprices, of all that vernal femininity, nothing remains but these variegated shadows, which a painter who, like them, has long since been dust, had painted upon a piece of flimsy linen, which, in time, will equally fall to decay, and be scattered by the winds. So does all life, the beautiful like the hideous, pass away traceless. Death, the arid pedant, spares the rose no more than the thistle; he forgets not the solitary blade in the furthest desert—he destroys effectively and incessantly; we everywhere see how he tramples to dust plants and animals, men and their works; and even those Egyptian pyramids that appear to defy his destroying rage, they are but trophies of his might, monuments of mundane transitoryness, primeval royal graves.

"But yet more painfully than by this feeling of an eternal dying, of empty yawning annihilation, are we shaken by the thought, that we do not even die away as originals, but as copies of long-vanished human beings, our prototypes in mind and body; and that after us others will be born, who again will look, and feel, and think, exactly like us, and whom again Death will equally annihilate. A comfortless, eternal game of repetition, in which the procreative earth must constantly produce, and produce more than death can destroy, a necessity which compels her to care more for the preservation of the species than for the originality of individuals."

Heine is likewise a votary of the muse, and, indeed, seems to think of himself chiefly in that capacity, assuming the title of crazy, by which is intended to be understood an enthusiastic poet. Some few slight pieces of poetry are interspersed amongst these 'Travelling Sketches'; but he has, besides, published a volume of poems, which we have tried hard to procure, that we might have the opportunity of selecting a specimen of his minstrel powers to the best of our judgment. In this attempt we have failed, and feel considerably at a loss in looking over the verses contained

in the volumes before us, inasmuch as the pieces we prefer are written in classical metres, which cannot be imitated in English, and would lose a material part of their peculiar character if turned into couplets or stanzas. Under these circumstances we are tempted to borrow a literary friend's translation of a few of his lighter stanzas, which, if not actually unknown, is, we believe, very nearly so, and with which we shall close this article:—

I met upon a journey,
The family of my fair,
And cordially they hailed me
With unaffected air.

They asked me many questions,
If all were right and well,
And said I had not altered,
Except that I was pale.

I asked for old relations,
And friends of auld lang syne,
And for the little dog that used
To lick my hand and whine.

For my beloved, now wedded,
I asked with careless brow,
And joyfully they answered
She was a mother now.

And many a gratulation
Was kindly sent by me,
That thousand thousand blessings
Might still her dower be!

Her little sister told me
The pup of auld lang syne
Had grown a growing mastiff,
And fallen into the Rhine.

The fairy's like her sister,
The very smile she wore
Still lives in every dimple,
And charms me as of yore.

The Sketch Book of Fashion. By the Author of 'Mothers and Daughters.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

We rejoiced to read in the preface that this is to be "the last of the series." The writer has talents of a high order, and is capable of much better things than writing fashionable novels. We are told that these works were "created by the peculiar spirit of the last reign, and are manifestly at variance with that of the present times." The last reign has errors enough to answer for without having all the Burlington Street trickery palmed upon it. What are called fashionable novels were, barring the pun, a novelty, and good or bad, no matter, the trade engines were set to work to puff them into fame. The total ignorance of the manufacturer—this has no reference to the present writer, or to her works, the best, perhaps, of the class—can and perhaps will be made known hereafter by some curious and ridiculous illustrative examples. We know the whole mystery, from the first thought that entered the publisher's brain, the first suggestion to the writer, the method of concocting such a work, to the result, with the announcements and the trade criticism; and we know these things from a party deeply engaged in such transactions. We saw by "instinct," as Audry would say, that the manufacture was no longer in demand, when the trade critic found out that there was "damnable iteration" in these works. The clever writer of the 'Sketch Book of Fashion' must be, we imagine, a little perplexed at the contradictory criticisms on her works, which have appeared in the same journal.

The story of the Intriguante in this work is a powerful sketch—but the rest of the volumes are leather and prunella. No matter—the "iteration" is conclusive with

us; and there will be no more works of the class; so much the better for the public, and the fame of the clever writer.

The Life and Works of Lord Byron. Vol. XV. London: Murray.

I would to heaven that I were so much clay,
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—
Because at least the past were pass'd away—
And for the future—(but I write this reeling,
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)
I say—the future is a serious matter—
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!

WITH this new-found stanzas, written, it appears, on the back of the poet's MS. of Canto I., and intended, probably, for the motto to the poem, commences 'Don Juan,' considered by many the most original, as it is certainly the most varied of all Lord Byron's poems. He wrote it after his own heart in many things, and after the world in others, and he published it in spite of the entreaties of friends, and the threatenings of critics. Divines preached against it; coteries talked against it, and critics wrote against it; but that perverse creature, the world, smiled and welcomed it, and it is now, we are glad to see, restored to its place among the works of the great author. We shall not say one word on either its excellencies or its defects, farther than that they are both great, and have been written about and lectured upon, till the world is grown weary. Out of all this, however, a shrewd editor has gathered much matter for our amusement and instruction: on looking at these party-coloured opinions, he conceived the idea of illustrating 'Don Juan,' as Pope did his 'Satire,' with an introduction explanatory, and notes variorum; and here we have the poet laden with the Birmingham-ware of one, the solid gold of another, and the jewels beyond all price of a third, forming a curious and motly combination, such as has not appeared since the days of the 'Dunciad.' Of these opinions some pleased, while others chafed and stung the noble bard, till he vented his wrath in sarcastic speeches, or in bitter replies. The one which seems to have touched him most acutely, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*; it was attributed, unjustly, it seems, to Wilson. Whoever was the author, Byron blamed the Professor, and addressed him in a long and vehement epistle, which was printed but not circulated, and now makes its unwelcome appearance, like Satan in Job's household, to the confusion and fear of the sons of men.

We cannot commend either the tone or the taste of several passages in this eloquent defence: it is less, indeed, a defence of himself, than an attack on others; nor is Wilson the main sufferer: the courtly coteries of London, and the poetic coterie of the Lakes, are the objects at whom, like Apollyon, he launches fiery darts. He alludes to his own domestic sorrows in more places than one, and generally without sparing himself, or throwing blame upon others. It would appear, that he looked round among his antagonists for one worthy of his anger, and having singled out the poet of 'The City of the Plague,' as the most gifted, he pounced upon him at once. "An article," he says, "has appeared in a periodical work, so full of a spirit of hostility on the part of the writer, as to require some observations of

mine. He then proceeds to quote, dissect, and assail:—

"In the course of this article, amidst some extraordinary observations, there occur the following words:—'It appears, in short, as if this miserable man, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification,—having drained the cup of sin even to its bitterest dregs, were resolved to show us that he is no longer a human being even in his frailties,—but a cool, unconcerned fiend, laughing with a detestable glee over the whole of the better and worse elements of which human life is composed.' In another place there appears, 'the lurking-place of his selfish and polluted exile.'—'By my troth, these be bitter words!'—With regard to the first sentence, I shall content myself with observing, that it appears to have been composed for Sardanapalus, Tiberius, the Regent Duke of Orleans, or Louis XV.; and that I have copied it with as much indifference as I would a passage from Suetonius, or from any of the private memoirs of the regency, conceiving it to be amply refuted by the terms in which it is expressed, and to be utterly inapplicable to any private individual. On the words, 'lurking-place,' and 'selfish and polluted exile,' I have something more to say.—How far the capital city of a government, which survived the vicissitudes of thirteen hundred years, and might still have existed but for the treachery of Buonaparte, and the iniquity of his imitators,—a city, which was the emporium of Europe when London and Edinburgh were dens of barbarians,—may be termed a 'lurking-place,' I leave to those who have seen or heard of Venice to decide. How far my exile may have been 'polluted,' it is not for me to say, because the word is a wide one, and, with some of its branches, may chance to overshadow the actions of most men; but that it has been 'selfish' I deny. If, to the extent of my means and my power, and my information of their calamities, to have assisted many miserable beings, reduced by the decay of the place of their birth, and their consequent loss of substance—if to have never rejected an application which appeared founded on truth—if to have expended in this manner sums far out of proportion to my fortune, there and elsewhere, be selfish, then have I been selfish. To have done such things I do not deem much; but it is hard indeed to be compelled to recapitulate them in my own defence, by such accusations as that before me, like a panel before a jury calling testimonies to his character, or a soldier recording his services to obtain his discharge. If the person who has made the charge of 'selfishness' wishes to inform himself further on the subject, he may acquire, not what he would wish to find, but what will silence and shame him, by applying to the Consul-General of our nation, resident in the place, who will be in the case either to confirm or deny what I have asserted.

"I neither make, nor have ever made, pretensions to sanctity of demeanour, nor regularity of conduct; but my means have been expended principally on my own gratification, neither now nor heretofore, neither in England nor out of it; and it wants but a word from me, if I thought that word decent or necessary, to call forth the most willing witnesses, and at once witnesses and proofs, in England itself, to show that there are those who have derived not the mere temporary relief of a wretched boon, but the means which led them to immediate happiness and ultimate independence, by my want of that very 'selfishness,' as grossly as falsely now imputed to my conduct.

"Had I been a selfish man—had I been a grasping man—had I been, in the worldly sense of the word, even a *prudent* man,—I should not be where I now am; I should not have taken the step which was the first that led to the

events which have sunk and swoln a gulf between me and mine; but in this respect the truth will one day be made known: in the mean time, as Durandeaute says, in the Cave of Montesinos, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards.'"

The reviewer having touched upon Byron's unhappy marriage, and the way in which he had spoken and written of his lady, his lordship makes the following declaration:—

"My learned brother proceeds to observe, that 'it is in vain for Lord B. to attempt in any way to justify his own behaviour in that affair; and now that he has so openly and audaciously invited enquiry and reproach, we do not see any good reason why he should not be plainly told so by the voice of his countrymen.' How far the 'openness' of an anonymous poem, and the 'audacity' of an imaginary character, which the writer supposes to be meant for Lady B., may be deemed to merit this formidable denunciation from their 'most sweet voices,' I neither know nor care; but when he tells me that I cannot 'in any way justify my own behaviour in that affair,' I acquiesce, because no man can 'justify' himself until he knows of what he is accused; and I have never had—and, God knows, my whole desire has ever been to obtain it—any specific charge, in a tangible shape, submitted to me by the adversary, nor by others, unless the atrocities of public rumour and the mysterious silence of the lady's legal advisers may be deemed such. But is not the writer content with what has been already said and done? Has not 'the general voice of his countrymen' long ago pronounced upon the subject—sentence without trial, and condemnation without a charge? Have I not been exiled by ostracism, except that the shells which proscribed me were anonymous? Is the writer ignorant of the public opinion and the public conduct upon that occasion? If he is, I am not: the public will forget both, long before I shall cease to remember either."

The noble poet is made to utter something like the same words in Moore's *Life*: they have not been contradicted: and as yet the world is in the dark about the cause of the lady's estrangement from her husband. Byron, we have always thought, resented too hastily and sternly the reproaches which the London coteries threw on him, about this domestic quarrel: his folly would have been forgotten in the folly of some other public person, male or female, in the course of a month; but he "nursed his wrath to keep it warm," and sailed off to Italy in a pet—and called himself an exile:—

"The man who is exiled by a faction has the consolation of thinking that he is a martyr; he is upheld by hope and the dignity of his cause, real or imaginary: he who withdraws from the pressure of debt may indulge in the thought that time and prudence will retrieve his circumstances: he who is condemned by the law, has a term to his banishment, or a dream of its abbreviation; or, it may be, the knowledge or the belief of some injustice of the law, or of its administration in his own particular; but he who is outlawed by general opinion, without the intervention of hostile politics, illegal judgment, or embarrassed circumstances, whether he be innocent or guilty, must undergo all the bitterness of exile, without hope, without pride, without alleviation. This case was mine. Upon what grounds the public founded their opinion, I am not aware; but it was general, and it was decisive. Of me or of mine they knew little, except that I had written what is called poetry, was a nobleman, had married, became a father, and was involved in differences with my wife and her relatives, no one knew why, because the persons complaining refused to state their grievances. The fashionable world was divided into

parties, mine consisting of a very small minority: the reasonable world was naturally on the stronger side, which happened to be the lady's, as was most proper and polite. The press was active and scurrilous; and such was the rage of the day, that the unfortunate publication of two copies of verses, rather complimentary than otherwise to the subjects of both, was tortured into a species of crime, or constructive petty treason. I was accused of every monstrous vice by public rumour and private rancour: my name, which had been a knightly or a noble one since my fathers helped to conquer the kingdom for William the Norman, was tainted. I felt that, if what was whispered, and muttered, and murmured, was true, I was unfit for England; if false, England was unfit for me. I withdrew: but this was not enough. In other countries, in Switzerland, in the shadow of the Alps, and by the blue depth of the lakes, I was pursued and breathed upon by the same blight. I crossed the mountains, but it was the same: so I went a little farther, and settled myself by the waves of the Adriatic, like the stag at bay, who betakes him to the waters."

To mistake the clamour of a coterie, for the universal voice of his own country, showed more anger than sagacity: but Byron never thought nor acted out of coterie influence: his sight in such things was limited: two or three lords' opinions, and two or three poets' notions settled with him the matters of state and taste: even when the wise and good Sir Walter Scott lifted up his voice in extenuation, he refused to believe that the heart of his country was yearning for his return:—

"In the beginning of the year 1817, an article appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, written, I believe, by Walter Scott, doing great honour to him, and no disgrace to me, though both poetically and personally more than sufficiently favourable to the work and the author of whom it treated. It was written at a time when a selfish man would not, and a timid one dared not, have said a word in favour of either: it was written by one to whom temporary public opinion had elevated me to the rank of a rival—a proud distinction, and unmerited; but which has not prevented me from feeling as a friend, nor him from more than corresponding to that sentiment. The article in question was written upon the *Third Canto of Childe Harold*; and after many observations, which it would as ill become me to repeat as to forget, concluded with 'a hope that I might yet return to England.' How this expression was received in England itself I am not acquainted, but it gave great offence at Rome to the respectable ten or twenty thousand English travellers then and there assembled. I did not visit Rome till some time after, so that I had no opportunity of knowing the fact; but I was informed, long afterwards, that the greatest indignation had been manifested in the enlightened Anglo-circle of that year, which happened to comprise within it—amidst a considerable leaven of Welbeck Street and Devonshire Place, broken loose upon their travels—several really well-born and well-bred families, who did not the less participate in the feeling of the hour. 'Why should he return to England?' was the general exclamation—I answer *why*? It is a question I have occasionally asked myself, and I never yet could give it a satisfactory reply. I had then no thoughts of returning, and if I have any now, they are of business, and not of pleasure. Amidst the ties that have been dashed to pieces, there are links yet entire, though the chain itself be broken. There are duties, and connections, which may one day require my presence—and I am a father. I have still some friends whom I wish to meet again, and it may be, an enemy. These things, and those minuter details of business,

which time accumulates during absence, in every man's affairs and property, may, and probably will, recall me to England; but I shall return with the same feelings with which I left it, in respect to itself, though altered with regard to individuals, as I have been more or less informed of their conduct since my departure; for it was only a considerable time after it that I was made acquainted with the real facts and full extent of some of their proceedings and language. My friends, like other friends, from conciliatory motives, withheld from me much that they could, and some things which they should have unfolded; however, that which is deferred is not lost—but it has been no fault of mine that it has been deferred at all."

We come now to his personalities. He turns suddenly aside from the line of his defence, to attack Southey and Wordsworth—the former for having said that Shelley wrote himself atheist—that Manfred met the devil and bullied him; and the latter for having listened to his friend. For this offence of retaliation only, as Southey was not the aggressor, Lord Byron assails him both in verse and prose, and exhibits great personal bitterness and unmitigated ill-will. He calls him the great patron of pantisocracy. "He denounced," he says, "the battle of Blenheim, and he praised the battle of Waterloo—he loved Mary Wollstonecroft, and he tried to blast the character of her daughter: he wrote treason, and he serves the king—he was the butt of the *Antijacobin*, and he is the prop of the *Quarterly*." The household virtues of Robert Southey, cannot be called in question, nor yet his generosity nor kindness of heart—his life is free from all blemish or stain, whatever Lord Byron might say or insinuate: but others, as well as his lordship, have called him "renegade." He was, when young, an admirer, it seems, of the French Republic, and of its child, Napoleon: but when the former placed an imperial crown on the head of the Citizen General, and bade him go and conquer and enslave the earth, the poet of Keswick turned from him—nay, against him, and lent his genius to the support of his native country. There is nothing very bad in all this: yet for this, he has been persecuted in prose and rhyme with unrelenting hostility. Of the former we have given a short specimen—of the latter we shall also give a sample: surely Southey cannot feel much pain from the sting of verses such as these—they are part of the suppressed dedication of 'Don Juan':—

Bob Southey! You're a poet—Poet-laureate,
And representative of all the race;
Although 't is true that you turn'd out a Tory at
Last,—yours has lately been a common case,—
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?
With all the Lakers, in and out of place?
A nest of tuneful persons, to my eye
Like "four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;"

"Which pye being open'd they began to sing"
(This old song and new simile holds good),
"A dainty dish to set before the King."
Of Regent, who admires such kind of food;—
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing.
But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood,—
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,
At being disappointed in your wish
To supersede all warblers here below,
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,
And tumble downward like the flying fish
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,
And fall, for lack of moisture quite a-dry, Bob!

And Wordsworth, in a rather long "Excursion"
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),
Has given a sample from the vasty version
Of his new system to perplex the sages;

'Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,
And may appear so when the dog-star rages—
And he who understands it would be able
To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long seclusion
From better company, have kept your owa
At Keswick, and, through still continued fusion
Of one another's minds, at last have grown
To deem as a most logical conclusion,
That poetry has wreaths for you alone;
There is a narrowness in such a notion,
Which makes me wish you'd change your lakes for ocean.

We must, in fairness, give a passage in which he introduces Wordsworth in prose; the great poet of Rydal is not insensible of the value of his own verse, but we never heard that he loved to depreciate the verse of others: indeed we have heard him speak of Southey with unwonted warmth and admiration:—

"Of the 'lofty-minded, virtuous' Wordsworth, one anecdote will suffice to speak his sincerity. In a conversation with Mr. — upon poetry, he concluded with, 'After all, I would not give five shillings for all that Southey has ever written.' Perhaps this calculation might rather show his esteem for five shillings than his low estimate of Dr. Southey; but considering that when he was in his need, and Southey had a shilling, Wordsworth is said to have had generally sixpence out of it, it has an awkward sound in the way of valuation. This anecdote was told me by persons who, if quoted by name, would prove that its genealogy is poetical as well as true. I can give my authority for this; and am ready to adduce it also for Mr. Southey's circulation of the falsehood before mentioned.

"Of Coleridge, I shall say nothing—why, he may divine."

From personalities such as these, the noble poet proceeds to discuss the merits of the followers of Pope, as compared with the merits of those who followed nature—a favourite theme of his, and on which it has been his pleasure to pen much nonsense: he puts himself, as Napoleon said, in a false position during the argument; for, to make his theory good, he is obliged to condemn his own works, and he does so without hesitation or remorse. These are his words:—

"It may be asked, why, having this opinion of the present state of poetry in England, and having had it long, as my friends and others well knew—possessing, or having possessed too, as a writer, the ear of the public for the time being—I have not adopted a different plan in my own compositions, and endeavoured to correct rather than encourage the taste of the day. To this I would answer, that it is easier to perceive the wrong than to pursue the right, and that I have never contemplated the prospect of filling (with Peter Bell, see its Preface) permanently a station in the literature of the country. Those who know me best, know this, and that I have been considerably astonished at the temporary success of my works, having flattered no person and no party, and expressed opinions which are not those of the general reader. Could I have anticipated the degree of attention which has been accorded me, assuredly I would have studied more to deserve it. But I have lived in far countries abroad, or in the agitating world at home, which was not favourable to study or reflection; so that almost all I have written has been mere passion,—passion, it is true, of different kinds, but always passion: for in me, (if it be not an Irishism to say so) my *indifference* was a kind of passion, the result of experience, and not the philosophy of nature. Writing grows a habit, like a woman's gallantry: there are women who have had no intrigue, but few who have had but one only; so there are millions of men who have never written a book,

but few who have written only one. And thus, having written once, I wrote on; encouraged no doubt by the success of the moment, yet by no means anticipating its duration, and I will venture to say, scarcely ever wishing it. But then I did other things besides write, which by no means contributed either to improve my writings or my prosperity."

It is remarkable, that the conclusion of this memorable article should have been lost: the following is all it contains regarding Professor Wilson:—

"I will now return to the writer of the article which has drawn forth these remarks, whom I honestly take to be John Wilson, a man of great powers and acquisitions, well known to the public as the author of the 'City of the Plague,' 'Isle of Palms,' and other productions. I take the liberty of naming him, by the same species of courtesy which has induced him to designate me as the author of 'Don Juan.' Upon the score of the Lake Poets, he may perhaps recall to mind that I merely express an opinion long ago entertained and specified in a letter to Mr. James Hogg, which he the said James Hogg, somewhat contrary to the law of pens, showed to Mr. John Wilson, in the year 1814, as he himself informed me in his answer, telling me by way of apology, that 'he'd be d—d if he could help it; and I am not conscious of anything like 'envy' or 'exacerbation' at this moment which induces me to think better or worse of Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, as poets than I do now, although I do know one or two things more which have added to my contempt for them as individuals."

"Here," says the editor, "the only copy of the pamphlet fails us—some pages are lost, probably for ever." We are glad of it: Wilson, it is well said, "has never either then or since written upon the subject of the noble poet's genius, without giving vent to a feeling of admiration as enthusiastic as it is always eloquently and powerfully expressed." We have gone into this matter a little deeply; we foresee, that the volume contains much that must call forth remark and observation, and that from men who have both inclination and talent for the discussion.

Memoirs and Letters of Capt. Sir William Hoste, Bart. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE Dedication, or Preface, or whatever else it may be called, prefixed to these volumes, is gentle, affectionate, and touching:—

"It is for you, my beloved children, that I have compiled these pages. I am sensible that, though my whole life were devoted to your instruction, I could never teach you to attain that elevation of mind which you ought to possess, unless I placed before you the conduct and feelings of your Father, throughout his eventful career. Let these be your guide! He was snatched away in the days of your infancy, but he has left to you the rich treasure of a spotless name and glorious reputation, for his life was blameless, and his actions not obscure!"

Who, after reading this, could sit down to judge the work, as if it were a mere bookseller's compilation, and manufactured for the market?—and yet, in justice, we must hint an opinion, that it is not likely to interest the general reader. Sir William Hoste was, indeed, one of those fine gallant chivalrous fellows who have been the pride and glory of the English navy—and the compiling a memoir of him was a worthy employment for the desolate mother of his children; but he did not live long enough to arrive at any distinguished command—his

proudest services were performed in subordinate situations, or when intrusted with some small vessel on a detached service—and there was nothing in his life to distinguish it from that of many other brave and noble officers, whom the peace consigned to obscurity. To those, however, who knew Hoste and loved him—and they were many—there are traits of character in the letters with which the work abounds, which will be interesting.

A Cry to Ireland and the Empire. By an Irishman. Hatchard & Co.
Ireland, as it Was,—Is,—and Ought to Be, &c. By R. Montgomery Martin. Parbury, Allen, & Co.

We despair of seeing a calm and temperate discussion of the condition of Ireland, written by a native of that country; even the compiler of statistics prefers the figures of speech to the figures of arithmetic, mingles eloquence with calculation, and startles the gravity of mathematics by uniting the wilder graces of poetry with abstract science. The evils of Ireland, and the remedies for those evils, have been made the subject of some hundreds of pamphlets within the last few months, but scarcely are any three of the doctors agreed as to the nature of the disease; and there is a still greater discrepancy as to the mode of cure. Nevertheless, amid the great mass of asserted facts, theories, and opinions, we have found two valuable aphorisms, which merit present attention and future recollection—and, to speak in sad truth, we know of no other angry controversy that could furnish so many. "The evils of Ireland," says a sound thinker, "are high rents and low wages;"—he is perfectly in the right—"The evils of Ireland," says another, "are its bookmakers and its speechmakers;"—and he is not very far wrong. We cannot, in a paper purely literary, enter into any examination of the great political questions discussed in the *brochures* before us; but the style and manner of the disputants are within the scope of legitimate criticism, and to these we shall direct our attention.

The 'Cry to Ireland' is a work more creditable to the author's heart than head; the writer's thoughts, feelings, and opinions are mingled together like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. Jests, arguments, appeals to the passions, and historical anecdotes, are heaped upon each other without the least regard to order or arrangement: the summary of the ninth chapter will give the reader some faint notion of this mass of confusion:—

"Public Men—Confusion—Armour of Man—Late Marquis of Londonderry—Charges false and base—Anecdote—Militia—Duke of Wellington—Massanissa—Syphax—Catholic Emancipation—Manœuvre—Misconceived—Most Rev. Dr. Curtis—The Duke's Mode—Thomas Moore, Esq.—Captain Rock—Fire-Worshippers—Daniel O'Connell, Esq.—Right Rev. Dr. Doyle—Lord's Prayer—Doubts for Christians—St. Patrick—Probable Origin of the Connection with Rome—Illustration—Divine Liberator—Emperor Titus—Despots of Russia and Rome—Mass in Latin or Greek—Neighbours—Exchange—Orangemen—their character, by Sir Francis Burdett—Repeal, generates a Dysentery—Advice, in pathetic Stanzas, by Spenser the Poet, in 1591."

There are, however, some valuable hints scattered through the work, and a few facts

recorded which merit our regard. Among those, however, we cannot reckon the long and laborious list of charges against the old Irish Parliament: every reasonable man in the empire knows that the old Irish legislature was a nuisance which was properly abated, and that the only righteous act of its dishonoured existence was pronouncing the sentence of its own condemnation,

Judicome cremari;

we gladly add,

Et combustus fuit.

The author exposes, with great ability, the strange blunder of erecting, at Maynooth, an exclusively Catholic seminary, when it would have been so much easier, and so much more advantageous, to have superadded a Catholic faculty to the University of Dublin. He further observes—

"It has been a great national misfortune, and will continue so, that the original plan of having one or two mixed universities was not carried. Irishmen, at such a thing as Maynooth, never can, nor will be, satisfied. They pant for learning, and its honours; not for the prayers and occupations of a confraternity of an old priory."

On the general question of education, the author makes the following statement:—

"In favour of mere learning, the poor Catholics of Ireland have made prodigious exertions, such as would not pass for credible, were not the facts attested by those who were unwilling witnesses. By data furnished in 1827, we have, in round numbers, the following

Scholars in Ireland.

	Paid for their	Free.
	Schooling.	
Protestants, 90,000.....	56,000.....	44,000
Catholics, 400,000.....	320,000.....	80,000

"It is hence obvious, that about half the Protestant children are free, while not above one-fifth of the Catholics are so. Here, however, is the willingness proved, notwithstanding their well-known comparative weakness in means, which should have ensured them fairness, if not indulgence, in the distribution of the public funds for education."

We now turn to Mr. Martin's work, which is far the more important, from the mass of well-digested statistical information that it contains. Unfortunately, the author, anticipating an unfavourable review of his labours from the repealers and their chief, has worked himself into fierce wrath beforehand, and is furious at the contemplation of the non-existing criticism. This strange anger has had an unfavourable effect on his work; it has led him to weaken the force of his labours, by involving his conclusions in declamation, and hiding his results under metaphors and sarcasms.

From the tables and official documents in Mr. Martin's *brochure*, it indisputably follows that Ireland, since the Union, has improved more rapidly in the elements of prosperity and social happiness than England, during the same period. And also that, during the ten years preceding the Union, Ireland was gradually, but certainly, retrograding in all these respects.

† Our legal friends will know the allusion; for the benefit of others, we quote the anecdote. In the reign of Henry VI., Serjeant Rolle thus argued the right of the Chancellor of Oxford to try an action brought against himself. "I will tell you a fable: there was a pope that had committed a great crime: the cardinals came and said, 'thou hast sinned'—he replied, 'judge me'—they answered, 'we cannot, for thou art the head of the church, judge thyself'—he said, 'I sentence myself to be burned'; the sentence was put into execution, and he was afterwards regarded as a saint. Now, in this instance, no inconvenience followed from allowing a man to be judge in his own case."

The exports of Ireland, compared at two periods of five years each before the Union, give the following result in "official value":—

1st Period from 1790 to 1795	£24,645,783
2nd ditto from 1795 to 1800	23,013,638

Decrease.....£ 1,632,145

And the diminution in quantity is even greater. The imports exhibit a similar decline:—

"Some of those persons who are determined to be convinced on no point, will exclaim, 'Oh! the Irish, instead of exporting their provisions, kept them at home:' but a little investigation will show them a decrease on wool, drapery (to the extent of 1,321,572 yards), worsted yarn, linen yarn, skins, tallow, kelp, rape-seed, foreign and colonial merchandize, &c., as well as on articles of food.

"Neither do we find the consumption of articles of luxury or comfort, which indicate the growing prosperity of a people, on the increase during the period. Sugar, which was becoming cheaper, and directly imported from the West Indies in exchange for provisions, was thus entered for home consumption at two periods of three years each:

1789-1790-1791.....	cwts. 617,893
1792-1793-1794.....	567,215

Decrease.....cwts. 50,678

"The wine returned for home consumption was:

1789-1790-1791....	gallons 4,195,454
1796-1797-1798.....	3,069,606

Decrease....gallons 1,125,848

"The consumption of wine on two years was:

In 1795.....	gallons 2,959,044
In 1797.....	312,212

Decrease....gallons 2,646,832

"The tobacco entered for home consumption in Ireland was, in

1794....	lbs. 9,426,211	1798....	lbs. 4,894,121
1795.....	7,874,409	1799.....	5,876,172

Total...lbs. 17,300,620 Total...lbs. 10,770,293

"A decrease of seven million pounds!

"The number of barrels of malt consumed in Ireland at two periods of five years each, was:

1st Period	Bls. of Malt.	2d Period	Bls. of Malt.
1791.....	1,174,301	1796.....	1,197,033
1792.....	1,216,970	1797.....	1,263,147
1793.....	1,191,854	1798.....	1,190,875
1794.....	1,284,378	1799.....	1,124,827
1795.....	1,242,097	1800.....	843,900

Total....6,109,600 Total....5,620,782

"A decrease of half a million barrels in five years.

"The decrease of malt in the last year of the table, was not owing to an increased consumption of spirits; for I find, on referring to my note-book, that the corn-spirit distilled in Ireland was,

In 1798.....	gallons 4,783,954
In 1799.....	4,253,187
In 1800.....	3,621,498

"It would, I fear, be tedious to proceed with statements so incontrovertible. A sufficient number have been adduced to refute the assertion, that Ireland progressed so much in commerce at the close of the last century."

Now, contrast this with the following table:

TRADE OF IRELAND.

Periods of Ten Years each.	Off. Value Imports. £	Off. Value Exports. £
1790 to 1801	49,396,254	51,322,602
1802 to 1813	74,511,058	63,483,718
Increase on latter period	25,114,804	12,161,098

"Thus we find an increase of trade on ten years to the value of upwards of thirty-seven million sterling."

We shall not comment on these results, but conclude by recommending Mr. Martin's pamphlet to the attention of all who feel interested in the condition of Ireland; it is, indeed, a rich store of valuable information; but we must again hint to the author, that when he next issues a statement of facts, he should assume a more calm and dispassionate tone, and not mingle with his arguments sarcasms on Irish newspapers, and vituperation of Daniel O'Connell.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'The Death-bed of Politics; or, the Coming of the Comet in Seven Days.'—A political squib not without merit. The writer's poetical schooling may be taken as a pleasant specimen of his style:—

I studied under Baily first,—the famous Thomas Haines,—
And, under that consummate master, took such constant pains.

That I soon acquired the art of him,
And at last so got the start of him,
As to beat him altogether, both at "honeymoons" and "seuilins."

Papa and 'ma, delighted at my getting on so well,
Were good enough to send me, for a year, to L. E. L.
Where a "Keepsake" being bought me,
All the new effects were taught me,

Besides some useful secrets, which I promised not to tell.
One only that I feel myself at liberty to name,
Was—"always make the leading words of every verse the same!"—

I got so good at this,
That I wrote a little piece
Of four-and-twenty stanzas, and they each began "She came!"

In this conjugating style I also proved a great adept,
The next piece published was "She's gone!" soon
after which—"He wept!"

Till each number, tense, and person,
I'd a separate piece of verse on,—
"She sighed" produced "We laughed!"—"He wrote" was followed by "They slept!"

'Odes, Elegies, and Miscellaneous Poetry, Moral and Sentimental,' by B. F. S.—The author of this little work says that his condition in life has prevented him from enjoying those advantages of education so necessary to the formation of a fine taste; that, in short, he has had little or no instruction—is the child of poverty, and the victim of disappointment. One kind friend, however, has aided him in laying the offspring of his fancy before the world—not without some hope that his verses may bring patrons, and enable him to give his other works to his country in a form more worthy of the muse. There is some feeling and fancy in the verses of this young Walworth bard; and we will spare room for his Lines on a Rose:

Sweet Rose, that in thy April hours
Draws moisture from refreshing showers,
And lifts thy head, whose crimson dyes
With admiration fills our eyes.
Gay Flora's queen! to thee must yield
The little vagrants of the field;
The snowy lily in the shade,
Dejected bows her graceful head,
And frequent stains her ivory hue
With crystal tears of pearly dew.
Yet, sweetest flower, thy tints decay,
Time robs thee of thy brightest ray,
And as the lily droops her head,
Thy blushing colours seem to fade.

These are sad days for the muse; and we much fear that our author, amid the stormy changes in church and state, but lifts his voice in vain.

'A Biographical History of the Wesley Family, more particularly the Earlier Branches,' by John Dove.—We think Dr. Adam Clarke went quite far enough, when he said of the Wesleys, "Such a family I have never read of, heard of, or known: nor since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there been a family to which the human race has been so much indebted." The good deeds which the most distinguished members of the family achieved, will scarcely bear out that bold assertion: the biography of Mr. Dove fails to sustain it, though it contains much which will be acceptable to others as well as to the Wesleys.

'The Elements of the British Constitution.'—This is a compact duodecimo, written by a clergyman, to make known familiarly to young persons the fundamental principles of the British Constitution. The writer is of the old school, and explains the history and mystery of "the admiration of the world," by checks and counter-checks, after the fashion of Blackstone and De Lolme—but Burke is his great oracle. It is a sensible little volume, written on conservative principles.

'Character of a Trimmer.'—A reprint of a scarce and curious tract written by Sir William Coventry, in those stirring times which followed the Restoration and preceded the Revolution.

'Observations on the Origin and Nature of Comets, &c.'—The author guesses a little, supposes a great deal, and jumps to a conclusion in which nothing is concluded.

'Discourses,' by William Ellery Channing.—The eloquence of Dr. Channing requires no recommendation, nor do we like it the worse for being connected with piety.

'The Entire Works of Robert Burns.'—This edition contains the four volumes complete in one—and a pretty little volume it is; but we must confess, that diamond type requires younger eyes than ours.

'The Rag Bag, a Satire in Three Cantos,' by Richard Farness.—The poet strikes at all: amongst others he has a fling at the critics, who will, he have no doubt, survive his hoof.

'A Collection of Hymns for General Use.'—There are original hymns of some merit in this little collection: the others are from the best sources.

'Lays and Legends of the Rhine.'—Mr. Planché's volume is well known, and its merit has won for it, what few poetical works can boast of, the honour of a second edition. The Rhine has been of late a fertile source of inspiration to both poets and prose writers. Mr. Planché, however, was one of the first to collect its traditional legends, and embody them in verse. It is too late to offer a critical opinion on the work, but, having it open before us, we must take leave to cull one of the flowers:—

Drinking Song of the Men of Basle.

[Close by the city of Basle is the field of St. James, where, in the year 1444, a sanguinary battle was fought between sixteen hundred Swiss and thirty thousand French! It lasted ten hours, the French being led by the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. The Swiss were not so much vanquished as they were tired with fighting, and exhausted by the number of their adversaries. Out of the sixteen hundred only sixteen survived, who brought the news of the battle to Basle. The French lost six thousand men. On this spot grows a red wine which is called, from this memorable circumstance, "the blood of the Swiss."]

Drink! drink!—the red, red wine
That in the goblet glows,
Is hallow'd by the blood that stained
The ground whereon it grows!
Drink! drink!—there's health and joy
In its foam to the free and brave;
But 'twould bluster up like the elf-king's cup,
The pale lip of the slave!
Drink! drink! and as your hearts
Are warmed by its ruby tide,
Swear to live as free as your Fathers lived,
Or die as your Fathers died!

'A Table of Greek Verbs,' by T. Castle, Esq., F.L.S.—An ingenious and learned toy, but nothing more.

'A Card of Latin Nouns,' by G. Futvoye.—It contains an easy method of determining the gender of Latin nouns.

'The Latin Syntax,' by A. Day.—We cannot congratulate the author on having cast any new light on this hackneyed subject.

'Greek Vocabulary.'—Mr. Valpy has here produced an unpretending and useful little work.

'French and English Pronouncing Dictionary,' by F. C. Meadows.—We have no faith in Pronouncing Dictionaries—but for those who have, here is a serviceable and a very cheap little volume.

'Stewart's Geography,' Third Edition.—An improved edition of a very useful book.

'Scientific Notices of Comets,' by M. Arago; translated from the French, by Col. Gold.—This truly excellent little work exposes some popular errors regarding comets, and comprises in a brief space, all that is positively known respecting these "heavenly wanderers."

ORIGINAL PAPERS

[The following has been kindly transmitted to us from Paris; it is, we presume, a translation from Béranger's new volume.]

THE LAST OF KINGS.

OLD Nostradamus, he who flourished while Henry the Fourth was born—in verse foretold That, near the year 2000 of our style,
We should the medal's other side behold:
"Then," said he, "Paris at her Louvre gate
This voice shall hear amidst her festive glee,
'Ye happy Frenchmen! O commiserate—
Give to the last of Kings your charity!'"

That voice shall be an old man's broken voice,
Ragged and wretched, scrofulous and poor—
One born in exile—old—from Rome—whom boys

Watch as a spectacle from door to door.
A senator will say—"That wallet-man!
Our laws all beggars chase, and beggary!"—
"Sir! I'm the remnant of the royal clan,
Give to the last of Kings your charity!"

"And art thou truly of the royal race?"
"Yes!" he will say—moved by pride's ember fires:

"I saw in Rome—'twas then a papal place—
The crown and golden sceptre of my sires;
My grandsire had them—all, alas! he sold
To pay for spies, and wretched scribes—yet see
No sceptre but the traveller's staff I hold;
Give to the last of Kings your charity."

"My father—poor old man! he died in jail,
Died there for debt—no trade he taught his son;
I stretch my hands—but what do prayers avail?
Rich men—ye are hard-hearted—every one!
I tread the soil—whence oft and oft were hurled
My ancestors—but no one pities me—
In pity for the glories of the world,
Give to the last of Kings your charity!"

The senator will say—"Well! take a place
Within my palace—taste of rest that's sweet—
We feel no hatred for the royal race,
All that remain are crouching at our feet:
The senate will decide what claim remains
Upon its favours for a man like thee—
Regicide blood is flowing in my veins,
I give the last of Kings my charity!"

Old Nostradamus quaintly adds—"And lo!
An Act of the great Commonwealth was passed,
Pensioning the Prince with five-score pounds—
and so,

Grown useful, he became a Mayor at last—
And in the year 2000, history shows
The throne of France—her laws—her arts
shall be,

'Neath which her peaceful glory takes repose,
Giving the last of Kings her charity."

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY AND THE SOCIETY FOR DIFFUSING USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

WE couple these Institutions together, because no two can be more intimately connected: they were projected, and have been supported, by the same parties—men anxious for the general education and instruction of the people; the same influential names will be found in the Council of the one and the Committee of the other; and the known proceedings and the now known result, in the one case, may be made to illustrate the unknown proceedings and the probable result in the other.

We have just received a most melancholy Report, addressed by the Council of the London University to the proprietors,—the substance of which is, briefly, that the Council having expended the 158,882*l.* 10*s.* subscribed by the proprietors, the University was, in October last, in debt 2,946*l.*; that, under circumstances, the Council thought it better “to delay” communicating these facts to the proprietors, and take the chance of a new session; that they accordingly borrowed 1,100*l.* to enable them to proceed; that the result has not justified their hopes; and they now “consider it their duty to disclose everything relating to the Institution in the very fullest manner to the proprietors and the public; being persuaded that an institution, founded on the principles of this University, can only be successfully conducted by the most open dealing,”—which disclosure amounts to this, that at the end of the present session the University will be about 4000*l.* in debt; and that it will be impossible to proceed, unless the proprietors consent to raise, by subscription, 1000*l.* a year at least. This the Council entertain sanguine hopes the proprietors will do, because “the sum of 20*s.* annually would not be felt by any one”; and if “1000 persons subscribe this amount, 1000*l.* per annum would then be obtained”—a truth that cannot be questioned; and it is accordingly proposed, that a book be provided, in which all who are willing should inscribe their names; “after which the collector would call annually upon the subscribers for the amount, in a manner similar to that adopted by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge”—another truth, also, of which we entertain no doubt. One ground of the sanguine hopes of the Council is, “the security against future mismanagement,” which the proprietors must have in the present conduct of the University—the value of which security we leave others to determine, being content ourselves to note the admission that there has been mismanagement. And what is the result?—that the University is brought down to bankruptcy; and now, when it is utterly impossible to proceed even to open another session, the Council consider it their duty to “disclose every thing.”

The Council have, it appears, pleasant visions of future prosperity; and so have we; but ours will melt into thin air in a moment, if the University is to continue under the same management, which, in reference to the past, they themselves admit was mismanagement. The Council anticipate that great good will result from the establishment of the University School; and so do we;—but were they not urged and stimulated on to establish the school, and other branch schools,

at the very outset?—Further, the Council have hopes that good will result from instituting a Professorship of Civil Engineering. “It has been,” it appears, “suggested to the Council, that some other branches of learning than those for which there are at present classes, might be usefully taught at the University;” they have in consequence “taken the subject into their consideration; and have now under deliberation the question of instituting Professorships of Civil Engineering, and some other subjects not hitherto taught in British Universities;”—that is to say, the Council have just found out that the opinion which influenced many of the proprietors, and which was at first prominently put forth by the projectors of the London University, namely, that the old cloisteral and monkish institutions of the middle ages were not suited to the intellectual wants of the nineteenth century, is worthy of being taken into consideration. Why this very Professorship of Civil Engineering, the proposed establishment of which is now under deliberation, is among the special advantages held out in the Prospectus dated 8th May, 1826! As the fact may seem scarcely credible, we will here quote the passage. After speaking of the benefit to the medical profession, promised in the establishment of the University, the Prospectus proceeds as follows:

“The young men who are intended for the scientific profession of a Civil Engineer, which has of late been raised so high by men of genius, and exercised with such signal advantage to the public, have almost as strong reasons as those who are destined for the practice of medicine, for desiring that a system of academical education should be accessible to them, where they can be best trained to skill and expertness under masters of the first eminence.”

This was the announcement in the Prospectus of 1826; and now—that is, seven years afterwards—when the University is bankrupt, we are informed that such an appointment has been suggested to the Council, who have taken the subject into their consideration.

Let us not be misunderstood. We pretend to know nothing of the management, either of the London University, or the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but what the several Committees please to communicate; and it is a great ground of complaint against both, that no one can know more than what the Council or the Committee choose to tell;—the close borough system is in both these Institutions the system of management: a few names are thrust prominently forward; and whoever ventures to hint a suspicion that all is not right, is instantly reviled, as if he were questioning the moral conduct of men whom the whole country respect; although the fact is notorious to the well informed, that those persons rarely attend the meetings of the Committees, and know nothing of its proceedings;—for instance, Mr. Lord Brougham has not attended one single meeting, in the last year, of the Council of the London University; Mr. Baring, Mr. James Mill, Viscount Sandon, and Mr. John Smith, only one; Lord King two; Viscount Ebrington four. It is a melancholy fact, that the committees of most Institutions will be found constituted after the following manner: a few influential names—a few weak and vain followers—and some selfish and intriguing people who contrive

to get the whole power into their hands. As a choice specimen of the proceedings of the Council of the London University, we will here give an account of the election of the Secretary from their own Report:

“The office of Secretary having become vacant by the resignation of the Warden, Mr. Horner, the Council took the following steps to fill up the vacancy. They published advertisements calling upon candidates to send in their applications addressed to the Chairman of the Council. The advertisements stated that the salary would not exceed 300*l.* a year; that the Secretary would be required to give daily attendance at the University during such hours as the Council should direct; that he should keep the records of the Council, and act as its minister in its absence.”

Now, as the Council only met seventeen times in the last year, and as we have given a specimen of the attendance of its influential members, the Council were right enough in desiring to obtain “the whole undivided services” of the gentleman to be chosen as Secretary, who was to “act as its minister in its absence.” Well, what was the result of the published advertisements?

“A considerable number of applications were in consequence received, and the Council proceeded to examine the claims of the various candidates. The Council were desirous to obtain the whole undivided services of a gentleman fitted to fill this office; but at the period of election the Council considering the state of the Institution; and that Mr. Coates, who had acted as their Secretary since the retirement of the Warden, and whose zeal and assiduity together with his acquaintance with the state of the University had been highly beneficial to the Institution, was in many respects peculiarly qualified for the situation; determined, under the circumstances, to elect that gentleman, although with a previous knowledge that whilst he undertook to discharge all the duties of the office, he would not be able to give constantly more than three hours attendance at the University during the day. In consideration of this diminished portion of service, they offered the situation to him at the reduced salary of 200*l.* per annum.”

This strikes us as about the strangest piece of mummery we ever heard of. We quite agree with the Council in their estimate of the zeal and ability of Mr. Coates: and we are the more scrupulous in recording this, because Mr. Coates is also Secretary to the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, and has, we hear, expressed himself hurt at our comments on the proceedings of that Society; but, whatever merit Mr. Coates might possess, it was known to the Council before they issued out their advertisements—and it was nothing less than a mockery to require gentlemen to send in applications, no doubt accompanied with testimonials and all the helping support that anxious men could add to their pretensions, when Mr. Coates was deemed in so “many respects peculiarly qualified” that, “with a previous knowledge that he would not be able to give constantly more than three hours attendance,” the Council felt bound to elect him. If any man could discharge “all the duties” with three hours attendance, why was the Council so desirous of obtaining undivided services?—and if Mr. Coates was so peculiarly qualified for the office of Secretary, why advertise for another person? We do not say, or insinuate, that there was any undue preference shown to Mr. Coates, or that the advertising was only an expensive

colouring thrown over his appointment;—but we feel bound to state, that Mr. Coates was, we are informed, originally clerk to Mr. Tooke—that Mr. Tooke, himself solicitor to the University, is one of the Council, and an influential one it will be believed, when we add that he is on the Committee of Management, and that from the minutes of attendance it appears that he was forty-two times present at the meetings of the Council and the Committee, at which Lord Brougham, whose name is, somehow or other, more frequently before the public in connexion with the Institution, was not once present.

But, it may be asked, was no warning voice raised in time to save so noble an Institution from that ruin which has now overtaken it? Assuredly there was; but it spoke to the "deaf adder that stoppeth her ear." But what encouragement is there for independent men to interest themselves on these occasions? What was the result of our anxious and public inquiries addressed to the same parties in their capacity of Managers of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge? The readers of the *Athenæum* cannot have forgotten, that early in the last year we drew attention to the strange proceedings of that Society—we proved, from their own Reports, that, though thousands and tens of thousands were avowedly sold of their publications—not one shilling of profit had, according to the accounts, ever been derived from them—and the reply to this, put forth officially, was, that we were in error; that there were large profits, only they did not appear in the accounts;—and there the matter ended; not one of the noblemen or gentlemen whose names are registered on the Committee thinking the subject deserving further inquiry. Observe, that for five consecutive years the published accounts show an invariable loss; and these noblemen and gentlemen are content to be told, when the truth of this is questioned, that there were large profits, only they do not appear in the accounts! Why, so brazen an assertion was never before thrown in the face of inquiry—and yet it is held to be conclusive; or, perhaps the Committee think it well "to delay" communicating further particulars until "the result has not justified their hopes;" and then we shall have full information, and a conviction expressed that there is nothing like "the most open dealing." But this was not the only consequence of our inquiries, for when our publisher called shortly after, in the ordinary course of his business, in Pall Mall East, he was informed that Mr. Knight† considered the attack as personal, and the *Athenæum* should never have another of the advertisements,—and, strange as it may appear, he has been enabled to keep his word! This fact, ridiculously unimportant to the proprietors of a paper which, for months, has constantly omitted a great number of advertisements, ought not to be overlooked as proving a very extraordinary power in one of the professed agents of the Society. The advertisements of the Society's volumes of the Entertaining Knowledge were sent by Mr. Knight to the *Athenæum* when, as is known, its sale was not the tenth part of what it is now; and how could they, with due consideration of the interest of the Society, be subsequently withheld?—But we were thus to

† Publisher of the *Entertaining Knowledge* volumes, not of the *Useful Knowledge*.

be punished instead of honoured for our zeal—we might subscribe our hundred pounds to the University, and our annual guinea to the Society, but these were as nothing to the enormous offence of venturing to hint that there was jobbing in the management of the Institution. It is our firm belief—and why therefore should we hesitate to avow it?—that up to the beginning of last year, when we first drew attention to their proceedings, the books, reviews, and magazines of the Society were principally manufactured by some half dozen of what are called the active men of the Committee, with the aid of two or three outside literary journeymen; and that among these, the printer, the stationer, and the publishers, the whole profits of the concern were swallowed up. If we err in our suspicions, we are most willing to publish the explanatory proof. We are, in truth, most anxious that if we are in error, it should be proved—but withholding advertisements is no proof.

So far as the London University is concerned, it is, we fear, too late for remonstrance: our annual subscription the Council shall have, and we wish them success; but we most anxiously hope, that the noblemen and gentlemen whose names are placarded all over the kingdom† as presiding over the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, will now feel that they have a duty to perform to the public, and that they are not justified in abandoning the interests of the Institution to any parties who may be pleased to ingratiate themselves into office and power.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE news in the realms of Literature and Art are of small importance now, compared with those palmy times when Scott and Byron wrote, and Lawrence and Jackson and Raeburn painted. In these, our latter days, some small book of verse or prose steals its way into the world, and is criticised, quoted, and forgotten; while, in portraiture, some would-be Lawrence of the hour gives us his laborious fac-simile of life, and listens for clapping of hands and applause. On casting a retrospective glance over the new publications of the season, what a ragged regiment presents itself: we should have blushed for the *Athenæum*, if its columns had not been enriched with other works than those that have emanated from the Row. But Captain Chesney's Survey of the Euphrates—the notice of Sir Martin Forbisher's Expeditions—the Memoir of Silvio Pellico—the Transactions of the Spanish Academy of History—and the Book of the Hundred-and-One, have all furnished valuable papers, and to this journal exclusively. We advert to

† We have just had a specimen of these placards drawn out for us by a friend who saw them posted about Lincoln—the following is the typographical appearance:—

SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE
President LORD BROUGHAM
Vice President LORD JOHN RUSSELL
HAVE JUST COMMENCED PUBLISHING
THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA

Why, we have already received at least fifty letters on the blunders in the Cyclopædia, which, it appears, these noble lords "have just commenced publishing."—The "Ablative Case" alone has brought us twenty.

these facts, because a contemporary, mistaking his own pages for the universal world of periodical literature, is crying out, that "all is barrenness."

The "Union of Mr. Moore and Mr. Campbell," which, some short time since, was announced with such prodigious noise, is not only dissolved, but both parties have retired from the *Metropolitan*.

We hear, that both Wilkie and Leslie are busy with compositions in their own original and dramatic way; and we are likewise told, that Sir John Soane intends to bequeath his splendid collection of sculpture, painting, and architecture, to the nation, as Sir George Beaumont did.

Our American friends, Messrs. Peabody, of New York, have commenced a new magazine—the *Knickerbacker*, by name: it contains some smart and interesting articles: one, by Paulding, called, 'A Ramble in the Woods on Sunday, and what the writer saw and heard there,' will be read oftener than once: there are other papers of interest—contributions by Bryant, and the author of 'A Year in Spain'—and the work is excellently got up; but, to give it any chance of success in this country, it must present us with a living picture of America and American literature. A new number of the *North American Review* has also come to hand. The first article will make many smile: the critic has placed Prince Puckler Muskan's opinions of England, and Mrs. Trollope's notions on America, side by side; the former perceives and ridicules in the English the same defects in courtesy and manners, which the latter exposes in the Americans. The article may be read by many on both sides the Atlantic, with advantage. Some other articles, too, are much to our taste, particularly that on Byron.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 21.—Francis Baily, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.—The following communication was read: 'A letter from William Snow Harris, Esq., F.R.S., of Plymouth, to Samuel H. Christie, Esq., F.R.S., on Professor Morishini's, Mrs. Somerville's, and Mr. Christie's Experiments on the magnetic properties of the solar rays, with supplementary remarks on the same, by Mr. Christie.'

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 16.—Dr. Ritchie on the best mode of communicating scientific knowledge to youth.

There was little novelty in the lecture. Dr. Ritchie pointed out the very common error of teaching rules instead of principles, and illustrated the advantages of a contrary system, by examples. In the course of the lecture, he showed how by a little ingenuity various cheap contrivances might be substituted for many expensive instruments used in illustrating physical science.

On the table in the library were several objects of interest, among others, some specimens of the manufacture of gun and pistol barrels—in various stages of the process—also, a model of a new mode of working a ship's guns.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 16.—Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart., Vice President, in the chair.—Colonel Edward Boardman, and John Forbes Royle,

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member

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Esq., were introduced, and admitted resident members of the Society.

A letter from Dr. Turnbull Christie to Sir A. Johnson, was read by that gentleman; and was succeeded by one from Dr. Christie to Colonel Tod. The first of these documents is dated Madras, 24th of Sept. 1832, at which period Dr. Christie had been six months in India, and mentions the writer's proceedings and plans for the advancement of scientific pursuits in connexion with India, principally having reference to the subject of Meteorology. He also intends establishing a sort of experimental farm, for the purpose of endeavouring to introduce the cultivation of tea, coffee, and the labours of the silk-worm, into the south of India.

In the second, Dr. Christie refers more particularly to the results of his scientific researches on the overland journey to India, through Egypt, mentioning his discovery of a range of caverns to the south-west of Dendera, which he suggests may have been the Necropolis of Tentyra. The next point adverted to, is the capability of the Nilgiri hills to produce the vegetables and fruits of Europe: a species of *camellia* (the genus to which the tea belongs,) is found there growing wild in the valleys; and Dr. Christie is of opinion, that not only tea, but coffee, may be grown on these delightful hills.

The reading of Colonel Vaus Kennedy's Remarks on the Vedānta System of Philosophy, was commenced, and the conclusion was adjourned to the next general meeting on the 2nd of March.

Mr. Reeves laid before the members a Manuscript Map (Chinese) of the Seat of War in China. It is about 100 miles from Canton, and includes, at present, a portion of three provinces—viz. Hoo-kwang, Kwang-tung, and Kwang-se.

LINNEÆAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 19.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—The Earl of Carnarvon, the Rev. A. B. Stapleton, and W. Iliff, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society. A paper was read by the Secretary, which included some general observations on the mosses, with particulars of a new genus, by William Valentine, Esq. The chairman exhibited specimens of a vegetable, which had much of the appearance, and was stated to possess also some of the qualities, of the potato. The plant is a species of sorrel, from South America, where it is called by the natives *aracra*. It is the *oxalis crenatus* of botanists.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 19.—The communications, made this day, were 'On the Growth of Dwarf Apple Trees,' by Mr. Thomas Blake, and notes respecting the Bezi d'Héri, Bequène musqué, Chaptal, and Double de guerre pears, four French varieties, of great excellence, for stewing, cultivated in the garden of the Society. The principal object in drawing attention to these at the meeting, was on account of their superiority for the purposes to which they are devoted over the Uvedale's St. Germain, and the Catillac, the sorts most in use at the present time; their very high flavour, freedom from grittiness, &c., when cooked, giving them the preference to the latter varieties. We observed some very beautiful specimens of *camellia*, *epacris nivalis*, *E. impressa*, *gastonia palmata*, *begonia urens*, *cyrtopodium venustum*, and a very fine hybrid *amaryllis* among the articles exhibited; together with a collection of terra cotta vases from Sir F. Powke, which are very well calculated for ornamenting gardens, &c., and will, no doubt, on many occasions supersede the old ordinary flower-pot, on account of their cheapness and elegant design.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.	Royal College of Physicians	Nine, P.M.
	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society	(Scientific Business) } past 8, P.M.
TUESDAY.	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society	past 8, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WEDNESDAY.	Geological Society	past 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts	past 7, P.M.
THURSDAY.	Royal Society	past 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY.	Royal Institution	past 8, P.M.
SATURDAY.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

Illustrations of the Bible. Part V. By John Martin.

THE subjects on which the genius of the painter has speculated in the present number of this fine work, is the 'Finding of Moses,' and 'God appearing in the Burning Bush.' In the first, the artist has called in the magnificent architecture of the land of Egypt to his aid; and in the second, he has availed himself of the wild and sublime scenery of Mount Horeb. The landscapes in both are such as no one else, save Martin, can conceive—bright in a sort of supernatural splendour: his human nature is better than we have seen it, but not equal to his clouds, mountains, lakes, and palaces.

Mathematical Abstraction. Painted by T. Lane; Engraved by R. Graves; in the collection of Lord Northwich. Moon & Boys.

THIS is the story of the mathematician, who was so absorbed in study, that he put in his watch to boil for breakfast instead of an egg. This is well expressed, though the brows are too intensely knit: the graver has done its duty well.

Elliot's Views in the East. Vols. I. and II. Fisher, Son & Co.

THIS is a very beautiful and valuable work: India to many is but a land of silks and cottons, where men make fortunes, and widows burn themselves out of compliment to their husbands. It is, however, a little more than that: the architecture alone of the peninsula of Hindostan is well worth risking a voyage to look at: in point of extent and magnificence it equals or surpasses whatever classic lands can boast of; nor is the exquisite beauty of the workmanship at all inferior to the splendour of design. The present work will support our assertion. It contains in all some sixty views of Cities, Temples, Tombs, Mosques, and Pillars, besides representations of many wonderful temples hewn out of the solid rock, which equal in extent and magnificence those of Upper Egypt, and even rival the marble edifices of Greece. The ruins of Old Delhi, and the deserted city of Bejapoor, called by Sir James Mackintosh the Palmyra of Hindostan, are perhaps the finest things of the kind in the world.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures. No. IV.

THIS work seems destined to survive storms and oppositions which have upset undertakings of higher pretence. The three great painters who have contributed to this new number, are Salvator Rosa, Nicholas Poussin, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The first print is a wild yet beautiful landscape, such as "savage Rosa" loved to dash off in his happiest moments; the second is 'Cephalus forsaking the company of Aurora;' and the third, the far-famed 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.' Of these, the best perhaps is the landscape by Rosa; Mrs. Siddons is a touch too stern; the morning light is finely managed in the Aurora and Cephalus affair: altogether, this is as good, or we incline to think, a better number than any which have preceded it.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces. Part II. Tilt.

THIS is a bold undertaking, and not unskillfully executed. The present number is scarcely equal to the first. Mr. Wright's young lady,

With eyes

Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy,

is not more out of keeping with the passage which she is supposed to embody, than the following lines of Mr. Hervey are unlike the lady, for there seems little *conceit* in her.

Oh! what a deathless beauty lies

Upon this world of ours!

By night it has its starry eyes,

By day its eyes of flowers,

Its very tempests walk the skies

To give the rainbow birth.

Boxall's lady with clasped hands and upturned eyes is better; but we see few symptoms of deep sorrow about her: she is well dressed, and plump and fair to look upon, and cannot have pined, we should think, so very long, as the poet in his illustrative verse imagines. She is in the habit of a nun; and were a damsel with such eyes under our care, we would look to our bolts and bars, for

Those drowsy eyes, which speak the melting soul, seem as likely to lead her to a rope ladder and a young hussar officer, as to the bosom of the angels, for whom she is said to be lamenting. The third lady in this 'Gallery of the Graces' is limned to suit the exclamation of Byron—

On thy sweet brow is sorrow.

There is merit in all these heads; nor has the poet performed his task ungracefully.

The Byron Gallery. No. IV. Smith, Elder & Co.

THE idea of illustrating the works of a poet, according to his own spirit, is good: some of the designs for the numbers of the Byron Gallery have considerable merit, and all of them are neatly, nay, beautifully engraved. But on looking over the numbers, and comparing them with the one before us, we cannot help feeling that the artists who compose them are departing from the simplicity of the poet, and becoming too picturesque. The 'Jephtha's Daughter' of No. IV. has more affectation of position and sentiment than suits her character; the 'Medora' has a touch too much, we think, of the same failing; nor is the scene from Don Juan, by Parris, wholly free from it. We hope to see this amended in the future numbers.

The Byron Portraits. By Daniel Lynch. No. I. Spooner.

THERE are three portraits in this number: Gulnare has little of eastern loveliness in her looks: Medora puts on the pathetic too strongly: Zuleika is most to our liking; she has expression, and that atones for many faults.

Specimens of Ancient Furniture. By Henry Shaw. No. I. Pickering.

THIS publication we hope will be encouraged: our ancestors surpassed us far in the taste and beauty of their furniture: their beds, tables, and cabinets were richly carved and inlaid: the very keys to their doors were works of elegance.

Illuminated Ornaments. By Henry Shaw. Part X. Pickering.

WE praised the former numbers of this work. These ornaments are from the missals and manuscripts of the middle ages, and assist us in forming a notion of the taste and skill of our ancestors during a period which historians have erroneously, we think, pronounced barbarous.

Memorials of Oxford. No. IV. Oxford: Parker; London, Tilt.

THE praise which we bestowed on the first three numbers is merited by this: there is the same care, the same accuracy, and the same desire to please the eye and inform the mind.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

ONCE again, Laporte is in his pride of place, manager of the Italian Opera. The whole policy of that management, heretofore, was the introducing in succession, a good *prima donna* and a good dancer; relying on their attraction, and indifferent how the subordinate parts were filled, whether in opera, ballet, or band. So long as Sontag and Taglioni were among the novelties, this system proved profitable; but latterly, the frequenters of the Opera began grievously to complain; and we caution Mr. Laporte, not to risk his success on a repetition of the old system. The season commenced on Saturday last, with 'La Cenerentola,' in which Madame Boccabadati made her *début*. Her voice, like most flexible voices, is of a thin quality; her intonation is generally perfect, and her style is purely Italian, rather meretricious in ornament perhaps, but expressive. Her species of voice is properly denominated, *voce di testa*, and it has little power below F; and we observed, that some melodies were not only transposed, but disguised by inversion. However, altogether it was a respectable performance, and her reception was very flattering. Donzelli sung well. De Begnis is no longer young, but his acting is always good; *au reste*, we have not a word for praise.

Owing to the customary delay at this theatre, when a new ballet is produced, the performance did not conclude until half-past two o'clock on Sunday morning, before which unreasonable hour, many—ourselves among the number—had left the theatre. On Tuesday, the ballet was repeated, with some trifling curtailments, and in a more perfect manner. The subject is from Faust, with two scenes, comprising the first act, taken from the opera-ballet of 'La Tentation.' The acting of Albert and Coulon was good. Monsieur Perrot—who has superseded Paul at the Académie de Musique, in the same style of dancing in which the latter is known to excel—was greatly applauded. Montessu has a style peculiar to herself; the rapidity of her steps, and the neatness of her execution, are certainly surprising. The dancing of Leroux is known; the remainder deserve no particular notice. There are a great variety of dances, in which the *corps de ballet* are prettily grouped; but a *pas deux* between Albert, junior, and Roche, might well be spared. The scenery, by Messrs. Grieve, does them credit; the music, by Monsieur Adam, is characteristic, and in the few opportunities offered for quiet melodies, he has displayed taste in his treatment of them. The execution of the band was admirable; if we are not mistaken, Laporte never had a more efficient orchestra, although we suspect it is not so numerous as that of last season. No expense appears to have been spared, in getting up this gorgeous ballet; but from certain indications of impatience on Tuesday, we do not think it will be very successful. Of its kind, it is, perhaps, good; but, judging from the past, we incline to think that an English audience rather delight in subjects of domestic interest, which are certainly better suited for musical expression.

VOCAL CONCERTS.

THE performance at the third concert, was highly satisfactory, and the selection of music free from objection; although the omission of the organ accompaniment to 'Marcello's Hymn,' detracted much from its solemnity; and the violoncello cadenza in imitation of Lindley, like most of the cadenzas to sacred songs which that celebrated player himself introduces, was, to our feelings, out of keeping, though well executed. We are happy to avail ourselves of this opportunity of commending the taste of the directors in the selection, for, on former

occasions, we have had much to object to. The finest specimen of English glees, to our taste, is 'When winds breathe soft,' by Webbe; it combines every variety of character, which voices, without orchestral aid, can express; and had Miss Clara Novello, instead of Master Howe, sung the *soprano* part, the power of voices would have been more equal, and the effect much better. A quaint and pleasant trio of ancient times, by Carrissime, pleased us. The two madrigals by Wilbye, a glee by Spofforth, another by Stevens, and a third by Arne and Jackson, were all well executed, and were the choice things in the concert.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

THE CAUSE of "legs versus legs," is carried on with unwearied perseverance between this house and Covent Garden. The managers at both seem determined that their last kick shall be a graceful one, at all events. While foreign legs fly about in every direction, it becomes "*saute qui peut*" with the English drama. The treasury will, in all probability, soon pull the check string, and until it does, we must wait, with what patience we may, for a return to the age of reason. Puffing, quackery, and bad English, have the bills of this house, at present, all to themselves. We have not room this week for extracts, or we could make some which would divert our country readers, as much as anything so degrading to the respectability of the drama can do. The last paragraph introduced, is a very improper allusion to the Bishop of London, who has only done what it is strictly his duty to do, while the law, be it only the law of custom, remains as it is. We may have our own opinion upon the propriety of that law or custom, but until altered, it should be obeyed. We must add, that if any infringement was to be attempted, it was in the very worst taste to go into extremes, by advertising such a subject, on such an occasion, as "Don Juan."

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Charles Kean made his first appearance at this house on Thursday in *Sir Edward Mortimer*. He was cordially received, and acted with great spirit; and ever and anon with good effect. At present it must be admitted, that there is more of the voice and appearance than of the mind of the father; but there is a great deal of promise about him; and the latter, it is to be hoped, and may fairly be expected, "viendra avec le temps."

ADELPHI THEATRE.

We have to apologise to this attractive little theatre, for omitting a notice of a successful three-act piece by Mr. Buckstone. But ample justice has been done it by the public and the newspapers; consequently, our tardy tribute will stand only as a reproach to ourselves. It is taken from Mr. Cooper's celebrated novel called 'The Bravo.' The management announces 'The Bravo,' the actors enact 'The Bravo,' and the audiences respond lustily to 'Bravo!!!'

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MONDAY last brought with it a highly and deservedly successful novelty, called 'Promotion; or, A Morning at Versailles in 1750.' Mr. Planché is the author, and, in this very pretty and elegant trifle, he has given a new proof of his general capabilities as a dramatic writer, and of his peculiar aptitude for taming the savage and unruly propensities of the English language, polishing the roughness of its nature, and making it, even as he shakes his pen at it, not only crouch before him, but skip and glide about in smart little French vaudeville airs, almost as naturally as if it had been born with them on its back. Miss Murray, Mr. James

Bland, Mr. James Vining, Mr. Webster, and Mrs. Tayleure, all exerted themselves most loyally, and with good effect. The piece has been produced with that attention to costume and general propriety which, we must in justice say, distinguishes the productions at Madame Vestris's theatre—she has found her account in it, and will no doubt continue to do so. The house was fully and fashionably attended.

On Thursday, another new piece was produced, called 'A Match in the Dark;' it was, like its predecessor, completely successful. It is written by Mr. Charles Dance.

MISCELLANEA

Rome.—The Pontifical Academy of Archaeology, held their second meeting on the 10th ult. After the reading of a panegyric oration on Baron Von Keller, late member of the Academy, which had been written by the Chevalier Visconti, the perpetual Secretary, M. Canini, the architect, read a memoir on 'Pompey's Theatre.' Independently of the recent discovery which the author has made, he has observed, that two fragments of the ancient plan of Rome, which are now at the Museo Capitolino, dovetail with the well-known fragment representing Pompey's Theatre, and, when brought into connexion with it, give a perfect idea of that splendid edifice. Taking these as the guide, Canini gave a description of the portico of the theatre, and its hundred columns. The Temple of Venus, which was immediately adjacent to the theatre, was so closely connected with it, that the steps to the latter served as steps to the theatre itself. M. Fea presided at this meeting, which was attended by Cardinals Zurla and Sala, as honorary members.—The "Pantheon," a society of artists, have elected Fabris, the sculptor, as their President for the present year.

City of London Artists and Amateurs' Conversation.—We paid a visit to this meeting on Thursday evening, and were much gratified by the very excellent display of art on the tables. We noticed particularly a spirited likeness of the veteran Stothard, by Mr. John Wood—the venerable artist is represented in his study, surrounded by specimens of that art to whose fame he has himself added so much. A rich fancy piece, of a Lady reclining on a Leopard's skin, by Patten, was also admired. Some beautiful drawings by Turner, Vickers, and others, were exhibited, and a drawing of Sion after Prout, by a lady amateur, was very deservedly admired. Mr. B. Burdow had a fine bust of Dr. Lushington, which reflected great credit on the talents of this rising artist.

Madrigal Society.—The anniversary of this Society was held on Tuesday, at the Freemasons' Tavern, and was numerously attended. The effect of upwards of one hundred voices, in singing 'Non nobis domine,' and the classical productions of Clari, Wilbye, Morley, Palestrina, and other great masters of the last two centuries, was most imposing. Mr. W. Linley, the distinguished amateur composer and patron of vocal music, presided, and was supported by the Duke of Argyll and Lord Saltoun.

The Hydro-Oxygen Microscope.—An exhibition of a highly interesting nature, is just opened in Old Bond Street. It consists of a series of objects magnified from 10,000 to 300,000 times! The solar microscope, which displays like wonders, can only be used on a fine day, and for a few hours on any day; whereas, in this hydro-oxygen microscope, the light is artificial, and therefore, always at command. The light is produced by a combination of the hydrogen and oxygen gases, propelled in their ignited state, upon a mass of lime; as a proof of its intense power, we may mention, that it was used by Lieut. Drummond on the trigonometrical survey, and was seen at

a distance of sixty miles. On this occasion, many animate and inanimate objects were exhibited: a hair appeared like a tube, an inch or more in diameter; the sting of a bee, like a barbed arrow several feet in length; a drop of water, containing hundreds of living animalcules; and as the season advances, living objects in their larva and pupa state, will be added. This instrument has been constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Cooper, the professor of chemistry, and Mr. Cary, the optician. Mr. Babbage, Professor Buckland, Mr. Faraday, and many other eminent men of science, were present on the occasion: and we know not any exhibition more likely to gratify a natural and praiseworthy curiosity.

The Record Commission.—We have just seen a series of Interrogatories, addressed by the able secretary of this Commission, to all town clerks, requiring information relating to charters, grants, rolls, registers, ancient insignia, &c., in the possession of the corporations. It may be well to impress on all persons, that, in making these inquiries, the commissioners have no other object than to collect information of a historical, antiquarian, or literary nature; and if the questions be answered in the spirit in which they are asked, the result cannot fail to be of the greatest value, and will probably bring together such a mass of curious matter, as no one not conversant with the subject, could possibly anticipate.

Mexican Antiquities.—Some twelve or eighteen months ago, simple confiding people were startled by an account of the discovery of a ruined city, called Palenque, in Guatemala; the said city being, it was announced, until that moment, "utterly unknown to European geography;" whereas, in truth, the letter in which the discovery was reported, contained little or nothing that had not been published in England, ten or a dozen years before, in a goodly quarto volume. Since then, there have been, constantly, paragraphs in the same journal, about the wonderful discoveries made among the ruins of this same city, by an unknown Mr. Waldeck, who, it was to be feared, must leave his valuable researches unfinished, unless money were immediately transmitted to him. By a letter in the French papers, from Mr. Waldeck himself, to M. Jomard, to whom, however, he is unknown, we are, at last, enabled to learn some particulars of the writer, who appears to be a humble man, an engraver by profession, who, singularly enough, was employed in illustrating the very work above referred to, and who subsequently, in 1825, went out under an engagement with one of the mining companies, as, what he calls, hydraulic engineer, or miner *en second*, which we leave our readers to translate. Not altogether liking his situation, he, at the end of a twelvemonth, threw up his engagement and started for Mexico, where he entered zealously on the study of antiquities. There, a sort of subscription was entered into, to defray the expenses of his visit to Palenque, where he still remained in August last (the date of his letter), having made diligent use of his time, in taking plans, sections, elevations, &c., of the ruins. Beyond this, his own report of himself and his labours, little seems known. If what is stated be properly authenticated, it might be well to subscribe a sufficient sum to enable him to perfect his work, and we should be willing to add a trifle.

The Historian of the Greek Revolution.—It is not generally known that Col. Gordon, the celebrated writer on the Greek Revolution, derives his rank from his services in the Russian army in the campaign of 1813-14. He was appointed Maréchal-de-camp to the division under Count Walmeden, which gave him the rank at once of major. Subsequently he was promoted to the rank he now holds.—*United Service Gazette.*

LINES QUOTED BY WORDSWORTH FROM THE REGISTER OF LOWESWATER.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Mr. Wordsworth (Poet. Works, Vol. 4, p. 181) quotes the following lines from the parish register of Loweswater, and supposes that they were the production of Henry Forest, curate of that place in 1709:—

"Let him that would, ascend the tottering seat
Of courtly grandeur, and become as great
As his mounting wishes; but, for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be."

"Henry Forest, Curate."
They are, however, a translation from the *Thyestes*, of Seneca, Act II., by the learned Sir Matthew Hale, and may be found in his 'Contemplations.' I shall quote the original, and the translation of them by Sir Matthew Hale, from the copy which is now before me, for the purpose of proving the assertion.

Stet quicunque voluit potens
Aule culmine lubrico:
Me dulcis saturat quietes.

"Let him that will, ascend the tottering seat
Of our grandeur, and become as great
As are his mounting wishes; as for me,
Let sweet repose and rest my portion be."

JOHN ROBINSON.

Clifton Rectory, Feb. 13, 1832.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Week.	Thermom. W.A.Mon.	Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 14	52	24	28.55	S.W.	Rain, P.M.
Fr. 15	46	29	29.10	N.W.	Rain, A.M.
Sat. 16	46	29	29.30	N.W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 17	47	34	29.40	S. to S.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 18	49	34	29.40	S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 19	53	36	29.00	W.	Ditto.
Wed. 20	45	37	28.58	SW to W.N.	Rain.

Prevailing Cloud.—Cirrostratus.
Mean temperature of the week, 41°. Greatest variation, 22°.

Nights and mornings for the greater part, fair.
Day increased on Wednesday, 2h. 30min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. W. Howitt is preparing for early publication a Second series of 'The Book of the Seasons,' which, we are informed, will embrace all the advantages of the first, with new matter, a very superior arrangement, and splendid embellishments.

Mary of Burgundy, by the Author of 'Richelieu.'
Lyrics of the Heart: with other Poems, by Alaric A. Watts, with 35 highly-finished Engravings.
Santa Maura, by G. N. Taylor, Esq.

The New Road to Ruin, by Lady Stepney.
Aims and Ends, by Mrs. Sheridan.

A new edition of Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest.

Just published.—Hawker's Discourses on the Historical Scriptures of the Old Testament, 8vo. 6s.—Messiah's Kingdom, a Poem, by A. Bulmer, 7s. 6d.—Alford's Poems and Poetical Fragments, 4s. 6d.—Dr. R. Lee on some of the Important Diseases of Women, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Lewis's Practice of Sheriffs' Courts, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—The Last Essays of Elia, 8vo. 9s.—Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, Vol. I. 14. 1s.—Wilkin's Reference Testament, 4s. 6d.—Selections from the Edinburgh Review, 4 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.—Smith's English Flora, by Hooker, Vol. 5, 8vo. 12s.—Marcell's Seasons, Vol. 3, Summer, 2s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. 40, 6s.—A Million of Facts, by Sir Richard Phillips, 10s.—Pictures of Private Life, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Anderson's Poetical Aspirations, post 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Record Commission; Proceedings in Chancery, Vol. 3, Elizabeth, 1l. 10s.—Hanard's Debates, 3rd Series, Vol. 14, 1l. 10s.—Second Coming of the Lord, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Six Weeks on the Loire, 8vo. 12s.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vol. 11, Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, 5s.—Album Orné, 3l. 3s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have received seventeen letters, and some of them six or eight folios in length, in support of or in opposition to Mr. Wilkin's proposed alteration in the line of front of the new National Gallery. As three *Athenæums* could not contain them all, we need not apologise to any individual for declining to publish his particular paper, and thus we dispose of all; but, according to our view, Mr. Wilkin's letter was explanatory—as architect of the building, he had a right to be heard, but we have no space in the *Athenæum* for controversy. As, however, the subject is of great interest, and seems to have attracted public attention in a very especial manner, we shall, next week, give a Ground Plan of the site and neighbourhood, with the original line of building, and the proposed alteration.

J. R.—We cannot speak on the subject until we have seen the MSS.

To Redemptor and others, we reply, that we have not room.

Erratum.—In the 3rd col. of p. 104 (last No.), "a straight line from the S.E. angle," should be—"from the N.E. angle."

ADVERTISEMENTS

STRAND THEATRE.

NIGHTS OF PERFORMING, MONDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS.

Under the Patronage of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.
MISS KELLY will have the Honour of presenting to her Patrons, the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, an Entertainment entitled

DRAMATIC RECOLLECTIONS,
WITH STUDIES OF CHARACTER.

Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s. No Half Price.

For the better Accommodation of the Public, the Box Office has been removed to the Front Entrance in the Strand, where Places, Tickets, and Private Boxes may be taken of Mr. Knapp, from Ten till Five.—Places cannot be kept after Eight.

Doors open at Seven—commence at Half-past.
* * * The Public are respectfully informed that Money is taken at the Doors.

NAVAL AND MILITARY LIBRARY and MUSEUM.—5,010 Members.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING, Tatchell House, St. James's-street, on Saturday, March 2, at Two o'clock precisely. General Right Hon. the Earl of ROSSLYN, G.C.B. in the Chair. DINNER, same Tavern, at Seven o'clock precisely.—Tickets, One Guinea; Secretary's Office, Institution.

The Right Hon. Sir JAMES GRAHAM, Bart, First Lord of the Admiralty, will preside.
HENRY DOWNES, Commander R.N., Director.
W. S. HALL, Lt. H. P. Royal Irish, Secretary.

ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. Gallery, No. 16, Old Bond-street.

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—All Works intended for the ensuing Exhibition of the ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, must be delivered at their Gallery, No. 16, Old Bond-street, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, the 29th and 30th of MARCH next, after which none will be received. By order of the Committee.

J. M. BURBANK, Hon. Sec. 75, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

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